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REFLECTIONS.

The Suicide at Newport

ONE of the upper crust of the Four Hundred in Newport, the other day, blew out his brains. The poor man was in love with a girl of his set and she broke off the engagement. Her father said the man was mentally unbalanced. He must have been, to have gone into the Newport set with a heart and looking for another. Love, at Newport! How very absurd! The nearest they come to love at Newport is an indulgence in flirtation, except when the "love" is between persons who have no right to love under either the civil or the moral law. The idea that a man should love a girl strongly enough to wince when she turned him down, is, of course, an insanity in the swell set. At Newport there is nothing to life but food and drink and idling. The great emotions are only played with for a little thrill to savor ennui. There is no place for an honest passion in that atmosphere of pretentious deceit and polished insincerity. The man who loved, was rejected and cast out, probably did the best thing for himself when he blew out his brains. He certainly was of unbalanced mind if he permitted himself to love with all his heart any of the beautiful creatures of the American aristocracy at Newport. A true love in that set is an anachronism, an archaism. Those who triumph in that society are those who most completely harden their hearts, who attain unto the supremest selfishness. That a man should kill himself for a girl must indeed have startled the Four Hundred. There's something brutally genuine about the act that the nobles must find great difficulty in understanding. What the fellow should have done upon receiving his conge was to go out in his automobile and run-down three or four of the common people. That would have relieved his feelings and it wouldn't have cast a gloom over functions now in course of preparation. But the man really thought that love was a primal matter in life and so he shuffled off rather than live without it. Crazy! Of course he was crazy. Anybody is crazy who cares for anything but money or pleasure or intrigue. Love! Oh, very well; but love some other man's wife or some other woman's husband and let it go at that! The other kind of love is good enough in a novel or a play, but that's not the kind for people "in the know." It's for the tenement folk, the factory girls, the persons "in trade," for people who believe in things and are willing to muss things up and soil furniture with real, vulgar blood.

Mr. Schwab's Collapse

THE nervous collapse of Charles M. Schwab is another indication that our "captains of industry" are going the pace that kills. As Dr. J. K. Bauduy declared, before this collapse was made known, the money-magnates are going in the way that ends in paresis. The energetic and capable President of the United States Steel Corporation is still in the prime of vigorous manhood. To see him cut down so suddenly and insidiously is enough to make his fellow-magnates ask themselves whether the game is really worth the candle. What does it profit a man to have a salary of \$1,000,000 a year, when it urges him to over-exert himself, to waste his physical, mental, vital and even spiritual forces within a few years, and thereby precipitates him into premature decay? Money and the force thereof, the dazzling notoriety of being a leader of the industrial haute finance—can they atone for the lack of physical and intellectual robustness and steady the shattered nerves? Too zealous devotion to gross materialism brings bitter fruit always. The case of Mr. Schwab is one out of many others of the same kind. The average American

business man, financier and speculator is entirely too much and too long wrapped up in his work and schemes. He drives his mental machinery at as fearsome a speed as did the ill-fated Fair his automobile. He thinks that every hour devoted to rest is lost; that he is in this world for nothing else but work, and the accumulation of dollars and the power dollars give. The life of the billion dollar trust President would appear to have been a failure, after all. Success is not measured by the length and breadth and bulging of the money-bag, although many of us seem to think it is. Materialism is to be encouraged and is a great factor in civilization and progress, but it will not do to be ultra-zealous in its service. When it leads to the ignoring of all ordinary rules for the conservation of health, when it blinds the eyes of men to the serene delights of culture, when it amounts to nothing more than a gluttonous passion or a foul lust, or other insane appetite, the industrial energy of the time is a curse upon the earth. Our lives are given us to be used, not abused. Our powers of mind are not to be stuprated by a passion for money any more than by a passion for alcohol or opium.

A Play About Outlaw Tracey

LIFT up your hearts, O ye who have been despairing of the future of the American drama. The future of the American drama is secure. A play has been put upon the boards dealing graphically with the career of Outlaw Harry Tracey, recently compelled to commit suicide to avoid capture and punishment for killing half a dozen innocent people. This is getting close, actually cuddling up to the popular heart, for was not the American public regaled for more than two weeks with not less than four columns per day, in every paper of the land, concerning the deeds of this hero? But let us look at that matter seriously. Tracey was only a common murderer, and a particularly cowardly one at that, when the press took him up and made him something of a demigod. Now a great drama will further apotheosize the wretched criminal, and the said play will be presented in theaters mostly patronized by boys, and those boys will absorb from its scenes and incidents and situations, the idea that it is a great thing to be a murderer and general crook, and to commit suicide rather than face the music of which a man starts the playing. Those boys will make fine citizens in the near future, won't they? Each of them will have a "cannon" strapped to his waist, and go abroad seeking for trouble with an eye to getting the drop upon an adversary before the trouble starts. Tracey was a vulgar assassin and no more. That any one should be permitted to present him in an attractive light to the youth of the country is a sin against "the little ones." The presentation of a play glorifying such a criminal is more pestilential in the community than would be a dozen cases of malignant typhoid allowed to walk the streets. There is no way to stop such things, but there should be. And some day there will be.

Irrigation and Emigration

THE Government is acting wisely in withdrawing large tracts of irrigable land from entry. Western papers had been complaining for some time about the grabbing of lands of this kind by big syndicates. Along the lower Colorado river, this has been especially notorious. These lands should be reserved for actual, bona fide settlers. Irrigation will make them very valuable. Uncle Sam has to be more careful hereafter in the selling of his real estate. While he still has a good many acres to dispose of, he cannot afford to be careless. Good agricultural land in the United States is growing scarcer every year. Irrigation,

under the Newland law, will increase the arable area considerably, but hardly fast enough to meet demand. The drift of enterprising American farmers to Northwestern Canada is significant. While it is advantageous to "Our Lady of the Snows," it is now an economic loss to us, although it may possibly be of some advantage to us, later on, by stimulating trade across the border. For the present, we can only look with jealous eye at this agricultural exodus northward. We cannot afford to lose a single good American. And there is no better citizen, when it comes to the last analysis, than the American farmer. Uncle Sam should get a move on himself in his irrigation business, and begin digging his ditches as soon as possible.

The Coal Strike Nuisance

THE anthracite coal strike is in a fair way of becoming a national nuisance. The operators continue to talk, to protest, and to belabor the ears of the public with long-winded explanations of their grievances. And that is all they do. They do not seem to make any real efforts to resume working their mines, in spite of police and military protection offered them. The strike is dragging along; it has lasted for a good many weeks, and the end is not yet in sight, judging by the utterances of leaders of both factions. Such a state of affairs may be satisfactory to the contestants, but it is disgusting to the public. And the public has certainly some right to edge in a mild protest. If a trust is a public danger, corporations that own one-third of the coal-deposits of the country and refuse to make proper use of their charters, by working their properties, may be said to be a public calamity. It is the duty of these coal operators to mine coal, and to provide the people with necessary fuel at reasonable prices. If they cannot safely discharge their duty, they should at least be compelled to make a sincere effort in that direction, under ample protection. At the present time, the coal corporations are simply wasting time, and driving the prices of hard coal sky-high by engendering the impression that the strike will last many weeks longer, and that they are positively unable to resume working. The authorities should be able to find means to put a stop to such an unjustifiable, intolerable situation. Corporation charters may be forfeited by malfeasance as well as non-feasance. The anthracite mines are made valuable by the 75,000,000 of people in this country. This being the case, have the people no right to demand a re-opening of the mines, and efforts on the part of the authorities to bring the corporations to terms, and to make them understand that their charters have been granted to be used? A charter does not grant a monopoly, or entitle a corporation to damn the public. A charter implies both a privilege and a duty, and the coal corporations are not performing their duties at the present time.

Oxygenitratious Omens

DOWN EAST, discussions of the nature and length of the sea-serpent have been displaced by conjectures about the probable results of experiments soon to be undertaken at Niagara which will have the fixation of atmospheric nitrogen for their object. Lord Kelvin is said to be deeply interested in this matter; more so, in fact, than in any other scientific experiment of modern times. Students of physics know that the atmospheric air contains, when in normal condition, eighty parts of nitrogen and twenty parts of oxygen. In 1785, Priestly demonstrated that the discharge of an electric spark through the air produces a chemical change. This change causes a pungent odor, which has since been proved to be due to the oxides of nitrogen, the admixture being transformed into a chemical union known as nitric oxide and nitric peroxide. The experiments at Niagara will try to establish a method by which these oxides may be produced, mechanically, through the agency of an electric spark. It is asserted that the production of artificial and chemically pure nitric acid has become imperative, in view of the gradual exhaustion of the Chilean beds of impure commercial nitric acid. Regarding this the *Electrical World and Engineer* says: "We

have been for years taking from the earth a most important compound which is limited in supply. Upon these compounds, namely, the fixed nitrates, vegetation of all kinds depends, and some of the far-seeing scientists have stated that very shortly nature will cease to honor these draughts upon her fixed nitrates—that 12,000,000 tons a year of fixed nitrates will be required to bring the wheat-crop in 1930 up to the amount required. These are serious matters, and, therefore, it is very important that means be sought to produce fixed nitrates without drawing on nature's reserve supplies, by utilizing the free nitrogen in the air around us." The *New York Times* raises the highly-interesting question of what will happen if the amount of nitrogen drawn from the atmosphere should ever be great enough materially to increase the relative proportion of oxygen, which we often call "laughing gas?" Will an increase in the supply of oxygen result in a vital change in the physical, mental and moral nature of man? Will it make him kinder, better? Will the extra portion of oxygen relieve him of the necessity of using cigars and alcohol as mental stimuli? Will it give him a perpetual, genial "jag," which will transform life into one continuous round of pleasure, make him love his most pestiferous creditor and his most hated political opponent? These and many other questions arise when we reflect upon the probable results of successful experiments at Niagara. But there is another, and a terrifying, aspect to this dog-day problem. Suppose Morgan gets the idea into his head to organize a trust and to monopolize the supply of oxygen and nitrogen in the atmosphere! Would not that asphyxiate you? Ambitious, selfish plutocrats in England are already liquefying our precious oxygen. There is ground to be distinctly uneasy about this matter. It would be just like Morgan to organize the Oxygen & Nitrogen Corporation (Unlimited), with, say, \$50,000,000,000 capital for a starter, and to convert the "unearned increment" of the air into prodigious profits. Our Single Taxers should wake up from their dog-day nap, and adopt precautionary measures. Mr. H. G. Wells didn't anticipate in his "Anticipations" any such thing as commercial control of the air supply; that it might be in the power of a few men, controlling a great patent, to take all the nitrogen out of the atmosphere, store it until the trees died and grass and all vegetation withered, while the rest of the people in a state of supreme exhilaration didn't care a darn so long as they were happy, and finally become the lords of life and death through mastery of the fecundating processes of the soil. Gee whizz, but isn't Science becoming a greater terror than the old time orthodox conception of Hell?

Barbarous Immigration Laws

THERE is no civilized country with more barbarous and disgraceful immigration laws than the United States. This is strikingly illustrated by the retention of an inoffensive Chinaman on a ship in Hoboken for more than one hundred days, with no other accusation against him than that he is a Chinaman. The poor fellow is treated as if he were the most dangerous criminal in the world, and he cannot move a hand without an official observing it. The other day, an attempt was made to prevent the landing of Yung Wing, a resident of Hartford, and a graduate of Yale, who is better mannered and better cultured than many of our big-mouthed politicians in Congress, who are constantly truckling to the behests of labor demagogues and protectionist blatherskites. Another disgusting feature of the enforcement of our immigration laws is that which calls for placing the Filipino and Porto Rican upon the same footing as emigrants from Italy or Russia, and subjects them to humiliating examinations and restrictions, as well as head-taxes. It goes without saying that the Filipino, the Porto Rican and the Chinaman are treated as liberally in English, German and French ports as are the Americans. European countries do not discriminate against particular nationalities, nor impose such barbarous restrictions as those in our "land of liberty," "the home of the oppressed of the earth." It would seem that American legislators are

as anxious to keep foreigners out of their country as are the rulers of Thibet. Our immigration laws are a towering monument to the bigotry, prejudice and interest-serving character of American party politics. Yet we throw fits over the Dreyfus case, or Russian persecution of the Jews, or coercion in Ireland. We are a pack of parvenues, for if such laws as we are now enacting against other people had been in force here half a century ago forty per cent of us would not have been here, since those laws would have barred out our grandfathers or fathers.

Midas on Letters

ANDREW CARNEGIE, the Laird of Skibo Castle, must have gone over to the camp of the Philistines. The other day, he voiced his anguish of heart and mind over the fact that Scotch children should be made acquainted with the "miserable barbarians in Homer." He does not care for that kind of literature. According to his idea, Ulysses is a vagabond and a rowdy, Helen is a wayward woman that was not worth fighting about, Priam was a doting, foolish father, and the friendship between Achilles and Patroclus is nothing compared with that which Morgan feels towards Gates. The iron manufacturer cannot see anything in the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" that might be of any value in the education of young people. There is more common sense and sound advice in his "Empire of Business" than in all the works of the classic authors taken together. Education has to be modernized, brought up to date. Let our youth study the biographies and heroic, soul-stirring achievements of such leaders of mankind as Rockefeller, Morgan, Harriman and Sage. What do we care about the wearisome siege of Troy, and the namby-pamby story of Paris and Helen, with all the yawn-provoking details! The best thing in Homer is "the catalogue of the ships" because it suggests Morgan's shipping trust. Modern youth must be taught how to get rich in the quickest possible way, must be informed about the prices of pig-iron, copper and tin, and things of that kind. A tape should reel itself off in every public school class room, giving the market quotations. Life is too short to be wasted on epics. There is no money in Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton. These "literary fellers" had not the faintest idea of the manufacture of iron and steel, of how to manipulate the stock market, and of how to make money while you wait or sleep. Business principles, and nothing else, should be taught in modern schools. Away with all else as useless trash! Such is the dictum of our modern kings of finance and business about education and the value of true literature. Library Carnegie must have received some literary "tips" from Harper's educational factory at Chicago. He must have heard from the eminent authority, Prof. Guthrie, who declared Shakespeare unfit to read. Looking at the whole matter from a broad "business standpoint," there is positively nothing in "Hamlet" that could be considered of any practical value to a young man of the present day. If such a person as the sombre Prince of Denmark were running loose in the United States, he would be committed to the observation ward. That fellow had as much business sense in him as a three-year-old child, or as one of Carnegie's "miserable barbarians in Homer." To read that kind of stuff is practically a waste of time. Besides, it is dangerous to feed the mind of youth with things that enlarge thoughts. Education should be confined to things that are practical, business-like; to things which convince youth that conditions as they exist could not be improved upon, and that anybody that twaddles about reforms and *Übermenschen* should be promptly locked up. There is nothing like education that gives an adequate idea of the value of the almighty dollar, and how to acquire it. Library Carnegie has as much use for a classical education as Joseph Chamberlain, who recently expressed the opinion that the late Lord Acton's library is no library at all, because it does not contain a single book of reference. There are no books but "Dun's," "Bradstreet's," "Mulhall's Statistics," "Moody's Manual," "The Directory of Bank Directors"

and such. And the Book of Life is the bank book. And it is better to be able to draw a cheque than to catch from Homer the music of *poluphloisboio thalassa*, or from Virgil the *quadrupedumque* thundering of the horse, or to see in Ovid brave Icarus tumbling from his height in his far forestalling of M. Santos-Dumont. Let the classics "go to."

Printers Against Socialism

THE International Typographical Union has instructed its delegates to the next Convention of the American Federation of Labor not to work or vote for any proposition which might be construed as being in favor of political Idealism. The Union has thereby given the Socialistic and Single Tax propaganda a black eye. It seems that the Socialists made a concerted effort to capture the printers. The set-back they received is an encouraging symptom. It indicates that the American workingman still adheres to common sense; that he shrinks from precipitate, radical measures of political and social reform, and from a possibly fatally wide departure from ancient landmarks. He is, by native instinct, a true conservative. He realizes that in a government of and by law it will not do to become a hot-headed radical; that a democracy cannot be maintained by constant agitation for an overthrow of old and well-tried institutions, and for a headlong plunge into a *grand puet-etre*. The American workingman is for that kind of reform which does not aim at an undermining of our Government, which preserves individualism, which tends to enlarge the benefits which all of us derive from democratic institutions. He is in favor of that political and social system which gives a free field for the lawful exertion of man's brawn and brain. The theories of Marx and Lassalle are not American. They are not adapted to American ideas of self-government. They are inimical to individual initiative and liberty of action. If put in force they would convert the United States into a communistic monopoly that would be worse than capitalistic trusts. Socialism is an utterly impracticable dream. Like trusts, it tries to wipe out competition. It would do this, however, in a far more dangerous and pernicious manner than Morgan's creations are doing it. The fundamental principle of Socialism, as Father Poland, of the St. Louis University, in his recently published, excellent pamphlet points out, involves the consolidation and common ownership of all the means and instruments of production. Socialistic theories are not in accord with the immutable laws of human progress and betterment. A socialistic government would not, because it could not, recognize or reward physical and intellectual superiority. It would put a premium on laziness, shiftlessness and extravagance. It would suppress the best there is in human nature, and stifle the ever-working instinct for an uplifting of the race. Socialism has no attraction for right thinking American wage-earners. They will prefer the adoption of other and more sensible means to better their economic condition. If our capitalistic trusts become too oppressive, we will find means to regulate and to suppress them, without upsetting the existing order of things. The inauguration and regulation of the Socialistic trust, however, would precipitate chaos. The printer's union is the most powerful, because the most intelligent, body of organized labor. Therefore its action against Socialism has decided value.

Tom Johnson's Big Battle

TOM L. JOHNSON, the fighting Mayor of Cleveland, is nothing if not picturesque. There is nothing about him that could remind one of the late Potato-Patch Pingree, or of Gold-Rule Jones. He has practical ideas. While he is more or less of a politician, with a politician's ambition and love of fame, he has a large share of sympathy with the common people, and is undoubtedly sincere in his efforts to force corporations to bear a larger and more equitable portion of public taxation. At the present time, Tom is engaged in a desperate fight with Senator Hanna's street railway companies in Cleveland. After succeeding in his ef-

forts to pave the way for the inauguration of three-cent fares on street cars, he was deeply chagrined at the recent ruling of the Ohio Supreme Court, which practically declared the charter of every city in the State invalid and of no effect. Both political parties were instantly galvanized into more than usual activity. They recognized that the decision was of far-reaching importance, and involved, to a large extent, the political future of Ohio. The Democrats have their strongholds in the cities, while the Republicans rely on the rural communities. How to get control of the cities had, for a long time, been the burning question with Republican leaders. It was, therefore, water on their mill, when the Supreme Court knocked every city charter into a cocked hat, and made it mandatory for the Republican Governor to call an extra session of the Legislature to provide means for coping with the unexpected emergency. The Governor went about it with significant haste. Within a few days, the Legislature will convene, and then the Republicans will introduce various measures aiming at the Republicanizing of Ohio cities. Tom Johnson has for some time been the *bete noire* of Republicans. Under the clauses of the charter of the city of Cleveland, he has instituted what is called the "Federal plan" of municipal government. This plan provides for the appointment and removal of bureau heads of the city's administration by the Mayor, and thus enables the latter to surround himself with something that is akin to the President's Cabinet. Of course, the Mayor is made responsible for the acts of bureau heads. Municipal reformers, specially the Single Taxers, looked upon the charter of the city of Cleveland, and its workings, as an important step in the right direction, and warranting the expectation that, eventually, the citizens would be given an opportunity to enjoy complete municipal independence and a more efficient and more economical administration than they ever had before. All the hopes of reformers have been shattered, however, by the Supreme Court decision, and by the intention of the Republicans to vest the appointment of municipal boards in the Governor, and thus to reduce the Mayor to a mere figure-head. In other words, the Republicans will, it is anticipated, deprive the cities of the largest part of the right of self-government, and make Republican rule a State fixture. It is also suspected that attention will be paid to that clause in charters which bears upon the granting of franchises. Under the influence of Senator Hanna, the Republican Legislature will, very likely, meddle with such franchise clauses as require the naming of a period of years at the end of which the franchise must terminate, or be renewed, or readjusted, and which provide for the eventual purchase of the properties of the corporation by the municipality. There can be no doubt that Tom Johnson will put up a lively fight, and that he will be backed by all the progressive or, if you will, radical elements of Ohio's voters. If the Republicans take advantage of the present tempting opportunity, and enact obnoxious partisan legislation, disregarding the newer principles of city government and the demands of the better reform movements, they will dig their own grave. Ohio is a rock-ribbed Republican State, but the Republicans will make the mistake of their lives if they enact laws which will make Ohio cities nothing but political satrapal dependencies of the Governor. There is a strong probability, indeed, that Tom Johnson will come out on top, and make Ohio politics more interesting to the whole country than they have ever been. Tom is a man that bears watching. He is an indomitable fighter, and he has a curious knack of keeping on the right side of popular sentiment, without dropping into the shabby role of a mediocre demagogue and agitator. He is a formidable political personage with attractive shibboleths, such as "home rule" and "equal taxation" and municipal control of public utilities. He is worth several million dollars, and is not afraid to spend his money in support of his cause. He is a good business man, and can meet the business man argument by argument for reform on a business basis. He is a genial person, with magnetism and ready gumption. His personal financial success goes far to disarm the financial elements that attack him. In

every way he is the man calculated to give Mark Hanna the battle of his life. Tom Johnson—not Thomas, mind you, but Tom—for he was christened Tom—may be the next Democratic nominee for President, or at least a nominee, not necessarily Democratic.

The Cry of the Children

THE rapid growth of the cotton industry is generally commented upon as a highly encouraging feature of modern conditions in the New South. That it denotes prosperity cannot be questioned. Neither is there any reason to doubt that it will be of vast benefit to the whole community. But there is also a very disagreeable side to it, and that is the employment of young children in cotton factories. In a recent issue of the *Raleigh News and Observer* is the following item: "If there are 9,000 children, under twelve years of age, working in cotton mills in the South, it is a condition that ought not to continue a day. No parent should be permitted to live upon the toil of his babies by putting them in the mills before they are strong enough to become wage-earners." Many other Southern papers have called attention to the rapid increase in the number of children toiling in stifling, unsanitary manufacturing establishments, and deplored the rapacity and greed of Eastern and Southern capitalists, who avail themselves of child-labor in order to make the cotton industry more profitable in the South than in the East. Strict legislative measures in Massachusetts, and other New England States, have put many needful and humane restrictions upon child-labor, and thereby diverted the capital and attention of manufacturers to those Southern States where the laws are less carefully drawn or less vigorously enforced. Some time ago, efforts to regulate child-labor in Alabama, and to make the employment of children under twelve years of age unlawful, were frustrated through the pernicious influence and freely spent bribery funds of Eastern manufacturers. A Dallas, Tex., correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* gives the following pointed and appalling information in regard to conditions as they exist in Dallas: "The mill regularly works the mother and the elder sisters, and there is no home for the factory family; there is merely a place to eat and to sleep; and some of these hovels here in Dallas, managed by the mill, are almost inconceivably crowded, wretched and filthy. On the days when the mill does not run at night, the children hurry home at 6:30, gobble down their food, and then take to the streets, seeking the electric light and the saloon corner as a relief after the monotony of the mill and the misery of their homes." He adds that matters have reached such a disgusting and disgraceful stage that the people of Dallas are becoming aroused; that no natives can be found willing to work in the factory, and that the agents of the company are compelled to go to the rural sections of Eastern Tennessee and Georgia for operatives. The Dallas mill, whose President is Theophilus King, of Boston, works children of eleven and twelve years of age, from 6:30 a. m. until 6:30 p. m., and, sometimes, when it suits the management, until 9:30 p. m. Such conditions are, unquestionably, deserving of serious attention. They are subversive of home and family life; they breed ignorance, vice and immorality; they impair physical and mental vitality and are a social monstrosity. The legislative authorities of the South are deplorably delinquent in the discharge of their duties, if they allow such a horrifying state of affairs to continue. Prosperity is dearly bought, when the purchase price involves the employment of children of tender age, depriving them of all the joys and innocence of childhood, of God's pure, vitalizing air, and exposing them to the foul, disease-breeding atmosphere of the cotton factory, and the contaminating influence of moral corruption. The problem of properly regulating child-labor is one of the most pressing of modern times, not only in the South, but elsewhere. The increasing employment of children and women in manufacturing establishments is inimical to healthy economic and social development, and one of the worst excrescences of modern civilization. There is no upward movement of the weaker

members of society visible in the census statistics of the employment of women and children. The figures indicate retrogression, re-enslavement, instead of emancipation. Mrs. Browning's cry of the children still curses our civilization more bitterly than the strong man in his wrath.

Mystic Renaissance

MODERN mysticism may truthfully be said to have its greatest representative in Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-philosopher, who recently took up his abode in the gay French capital, and has since created a literary sensation in Europe through the production of "Monna Vanna." Some years ago, over-enthusiastic admirers of the great mystic were bold enough to proclaim him "the Belgian Shakespeare," but it is doubtful if, at the present time, any competent critic would care to consider him the equal of the Bard of Avon. Maeterlinck, by a series of essays, has proved himself to be, *par excellence*, a man of concentrated introspection, of profound subjective thought, who tries to prove that "the cosmic mystery is probably material, and not moral; that the moral mystery is in man alone, and that relief from the incubus of moral mystery in nature, which has oppressed the world since the days of Job, will afford the spirit of man true freedom." Maeterlinck, like many another of the modern world's great leaders of thought, is convinced that science will never give us the key to "the mystery of it all," and that we will forever have to be satisfied with, to use a Paulian expression, "seeing through a glass darkly." But, at the same time, he is no pessimist; his philosophy is distinctly cheerful, serene and elevating. All that he intends to do is to point out that "the paramount interest of life, all that is truly lofty and remarkable in the destiny of man, reposes almost entirely in the mystery that surrounds us; in the two mysteries, it may be, that are mightiest, most dreadful of all—fatality and death." There is a good deal of the Hellenic spirit in Maeterlinck's mysticism, and none of that love of renunciation which is the cornerstone of Christianity. Like Nietzsche, the Belgian believes in the individual, in physical and intellectual strength and buoyancy of spirit, even while admitting the cruel tricks that fate is ever playing with mankind. There is something of the stoical serenity of Epicurus in the following Maeterlinckian sayings: "No past can be empty or wretched, no events can be wretched; the wretchedness lies in our manner of welcoming them. And if it were true that nothing had happened to you, that would be the most remarkable adventure that any man ever had met with, and no less remarkable would be the light it would shed upon you. In reality, the facts, the opportunities and possibilities, the passions that await and invite the majority of men, are all more or less the same." This is a sort of writing that is excellent antidote to the rot that is reeled off by our modern historical novelists. It is the sort of thing that is needed to offset the materialism that is rampant in the creed alike of the plutocrat and the proletarian. It reminds one of Nietzsche's "Zarathustra" to read the following: "For we are well aware that what destiny has given and what destiny holds in reserve can be revolutionized as utterly by thought as by a great victory or a great defeat. Thought is silent; it disturbs not a pebble on the illusory road we see; but at the crossway of the more actual road that our secret life follows will it tranquilly erect an indestructible pyramid; and thereupon, suddenly, every event, to the very phenomena of Earth and Heaven, will assume a new direction." Such writing as that may hurt the heads of contemporary readers, but is, nevertheless, good for them. In many respects, it may be asserted that the Belgian's mysticism is reminiscent of that of Emerson. He is, in fact, a great admirer of the American philosopher. In a preface to a French translation of some of Emerson's essays, Maeterlinck endorses Emerson's view that real heroism is found in the efforts of man to overcome daily difficulties and to discharge new responsibilities, and says: "There remains only the life of every day, and yet we cannot live without greatness." Heroism, the Belgian declares, may be found everywhere and in

every human character, if we only make effort to find it. There is heroism in a Napoleon Bonaparte and in a laborer in a rolling mill. The Belgian confidently anticipates a spiritual renaissance and, indeed, there are signs, to some few of us, that the renaissance has begun, and that its movement is indicated in the up-growth of such a cult as Christian Science. Union of mysticism with freedom of thought and inquiry will, he is persuaded, combine in some manner to form the religion of the future. It may be worth while to reproduce Maeterlinck's views on the future of the human race: "The utilization by our intellect of every unconscious force, the gradual subjugation of matter, and the search for its secret—these at present appear the most evident aim of our race and its most probable mission. In the days of doubt there was no satisfaction, or even excess, but was excusable and even moral, so long as it wrought no irreparable loss of strength or actual organic harm. But now that the mission of the race is becoming more clearly defined, the duty lies on us to leave on one side whatever is not directly helpful to the spiritual part of our being. Sterile pleasures of the body must be gradually sacrificed; indeed, in a word, all that is not in absolute harmony with a larger, more durable energy of thought,—all the little 'harmless' delights, which, however inoffensive, comparatively, keep alive, by example and habit the prejudice in favor of inferior enjoyment, and usurp the place that belongs to the satisfaction of the intellect." Maeterlinckism is calculated to open up new vistas of thought and observation to a world vastly unconcerned with the subtler things of existence, but there have been mystics and ascetics before who have said these same things. Much of Maeterlinck, as you may imagine, is vague and unsatisfactory, but it is fructifying brain stuff, for all that. The Belgian's essays have become famous, and rightly so, and American students of mystic philosophy will welcome the publication, by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, of a volume containing five truly Maeterlinckian essays on such interesting topics as "the Mystery of Justice," "the Evolution of Mystery," "the Knowledge of Matter," "the Past," and "Luck," with an appreciative and discriminative introduction by Edward M. Colie. The translations were made by Alfred Sutro, and are evidently careful of both the spirit and the letter of the original. A dip into Maeterlinck is a refreshing escape from "the best selling books of the week," from the daily press and periodicals, with their continuous harping upon finance, trade, politics and the doings of promoters and speculators. If ever the world needed mysticism, it needs it now.

The Gambling Madness

UP in the Northwest they are booming land values out of sight. Everybody seems to have the craze. And it is believed that this violent land-speculation is partially responsible for the late, heavy flow of currency from New York to the interior. Regarding this, George R. Roberts, director of the United States Mint, is quoted as follows: "There is the greatest amount of land-speculation going on west of Chicago that has ever been known in that part of the country. I believe the banks out there are loaning a good deal of money on these land enterprises, and that this is really the secret of the early movement of money Westward. The people are everywhere organizing syndicates to buy land, and there is hardly a cross-roads community in Iowa that has not organized a syndicate to operate in the Dakotas or in Canada. Prices have advanced 50 per cent in the last two years, and the upward movement seems still on." This agricultural inflation has a very serious side to it. It absorbs millions of funds, and will, eventually, disturb monetary markets. As the thoughtful *Chicago Public* remarks, "the phenomenal rise in the values of the agricultural lands of the Northwest leaves no room to doubt that the land boom is on. And as agricultural land-values are usually the last to boom and the first to totter, it indicates also that the cataclysm is not far off." The prevailing National gambling craze will have some bad results. There is much talk about the beauty, useful-

ness and necessity of modern Wall street operations, yet anybody with the least bit of horse-sense and experience can see that what most of these eminent men of finance are engaged in is plain, every-day gambling. They are manufacturing value, and at such a breakneck speed that a smash-up is bound to ensue. And the host of petty gamblers in all the cities, towns and hamlets of the country are joining in the merry dance around the Golden Calf. When stocks are boomed to death, they gamble in land. Any old thing will do, as long as they are given a chance to gratify their craving for gambling. A substantial rise in land-values was undoubtedly warranted, but it would be absurd to try to convince a sane person that farm land in the Northwest is now worth 50 per cent more than it was five years ago. These stock, land, grain and oil booms have converted the country into a fool's paradise. Time-honored methods of acquiring wealth are now regarded as entirely too old-fashioned and slow. Honest work is despised by many a young fellow who is dazzled with the vulgar *coups* of stock magnates. The other day, Gates gave a \$500 tip to a waiter in New York, who straightway threw up his job, and made a bee-line for the race-track. In the good old days, the recipient of such a sum would have put it in the bank, or gone into a small business enterprise of some kind. There is nothing especially new about this present-day boom, except that it is conducted on a more stupendous scale than ever before in the world's history. And, like all its predecessors, it will end suddenly and disastrously.

We Are It, But—

BEERBOHM, the British grain expert, estimates the wheat requirements of Europe and other foreign countries, for the current season, at 440,000,000 bushels. As our new crop is not expected to be more than 720,000,000 bushels, there are good prospects that the American producer will be paid good prices for his wheat. Large exports of wheat, cotton and corn will increase our National wealth and strengthen the foundations of prosperity. Corn exports, at present, are very small. The immense crop which is now ripening will, however, bring about a decline in prices, and a consequent revival in the outward movement. The future of the American agriculturist is decidedly bright. The more one considers it, however, the more one is impressed with McKinley's words at Buffalo: "Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention." More markets are what the American farmer needs, and these he will not be able to secure, to a sufficient extent, until protectionist barriers have been abolished.

What of the End?

CALIFORNIA farmers are said to be "up against it," since announcement was made that the Association of Manufacturers and Distributors of Food Products, with a capital of \$30,000,000, had been organized under the laws of New Jersey, for the purpose of combining "the largest pickling and preserving works, fruit canneries, fruit driers, grapes, wines and other food products, the products of vineyards and orchards, the dried and green fruit, the asparagus, nuts and raisins." Eastern capitalists are behind the gigantic scheme. It is believed that the capital will soon be raised to \$100,000,000. In reference to this new trust-idea, *Out West*, that powerful monthly of Los Angeles, expresses the opinion, that the "fate of the producer trembles in the balance." The New Jersey corporation will be able to control the manufacture and sale of every product of California's fruit culture. It will have the farmer completely at its mercy. It will regulate and dictate prices, and affect economic conditions in California as vitally as did the American Smelting & Refining Co., those in Colorado. To monopolize agriculture is certainly a new and rather startling idea. The farmer has so far been left out of trust calculations. Is he now also to be drawn into combines? Is the small farmer to be wiped out? Is he to

be turned into a mere hireling and employe of syndicates? The importance of this thing will be better realized, when it is taken into consideration that there is a decided tendency among American combines towards centralization into the hands of a few Croesuses of the financial and railroad world. With manufacture, commerce, mines, agriculture, and land and water transportation systems in the hands of such men, what will the end be? Will it be capitalistic Socialism, or will it be Governmental Socialism?

Extraditionary Follies

GAYNOR and Greene, associates of Capt. Carter in schemes to defraud the United States Government on a large scale, have been set free by a Quebec judge on the most flimsily technical grounds. There could be no doubt about their guilt; in fact, the pleadings of their counsel practically admitted it. The Canadian authorities acted in such a high-handed manner that there is reason to believe that improper methods were used to bring about the release of the prisoners. Secretary Hay, it is said, will lay the matter before Downing Street, but it is doubtful if he will be able to accomplish anything. Balfour's Cabinet will not care to arouse the ill-will of Canadians through insinuations that their Government has not acted honestly in the premises. Why is it that criminals should be allowed to escape simply because the country in which they have found a temporary asylum asserts that an existing extradition treaty does not cover their offence? The commission of the more serious kind of criminal offences is subversive of the laws and institutions of every civilized country. Embezzlement, for instance, is punishable by imprisonment in the United States, as well as in Canada. Yet, when the embezzler flees from the United States to Canada, he may have a chance to elude punishment by hunting up imaginary, or existing, flaws in the extradition treaty, and bringing them to the attention of Canadian magistrates. There is an almost ridiculous anxiety everywhere to preserve the inviolability of treaty-provisions. As if any self-respecting country cared to give shelter to murderers or embezzlers. Extradition treaties are an anachronism; they have become a nuisance and a bore; they are a relic of mediæval ages. Is there any logical reason why Canada should refuse to deliver up an embezzler, because the treaty provides for the extradition of forgers only? Is there any special difference between the two crimes? Would the extradition of an embezzler, under a forgery provision, impair the dignity and standing of any country? The close intercommunication between nations, nowadays, renders extradition treaties both unnecessary and objectionable. There should be no particular hindrance to the amicable adjustment of demands for the extradition of a criminal under the principles of general international comity. When President Lincoln delivered up the slave-dealer Arguelles to Spain, although there was no treaty covering his offence, the United States Senate felt itself called upon to demand an explanation from Mr. Seward. The latter defended the action of the President on the simple ground that "a nation is never bound to furnish asylum to dangerous criminals who are offenders against the human race." About ten or twelve years later, Spain reciprocated by turning Tweed over to us, and everybody then admitted that there could be no reasonable objection to such a display of international courtesies. There is no ground to believe that the extradition of criminals under such reciprocal arrangements would lead to any abuses. The principles of justice are now well-established; they are pretty much the same in every civilized country. It would be a gross insult for any Government to intimate that it did not care to deliver up a criminal offender to the authorities of another civilized country, because it feared that the crime would be punished in a cruel and unusual manner. The ages of barbarism are past. The criminal is now punished according to his deserts; he is no longer made the victim of malice, cruelty and revenge. Broadly considered, an extradition treaty is evidence of lack of faith in the declarations, intentions and humanity of foreign countries. Let there be what

Secretary Hay calls a "gentlemen's agreement," under which it will be impossible for any fugitive [from justice to find an asylum in any other civilized country. Such an agreement should be made to include all offences against the private rights of person and of property. When Kratz, the St. Louis boddler, fled to Mexico, it was impossible for local and Federal authorities to secure his extradition, because the treaty with Mexico did not cover his crime. The treaty has since been so amended as to make bribery an extraditable offense, but Kratz cannot be brought back to St. Louis, because laws have no retroactive effect. And there the matter ends. The crime has been committed, but because of technical considerations which are a mockery of the principles of justice, Kratz is safe in Mexico and laughing at the officers of the law. And Mexico seems to be glad and proud to have become step-mother of a criminal. That may be diplomacy, and the correct way of preserving a country's dignity, but it is not common sense. There is nothing honorable in the protection of crime, no matter whether it is afforded by a government or an individual. It may be said that the technicality that protects the crook to-day may be the salvation of an innocent honest man to-morrow, and that contention has value, but hardly so in the case of extradition treaties, since innocent, honest men do not run away from their native land, except possibly for political reasons, and extradition treaties expressly exempt from their operations persons charged with political crimes.

Facing Bothways

LIKE *Banquo's* ghost, the question of tariff revision will not down. Many leading Republicans are trying to lay it low, and to convince themselves and their friends that the Dingley law should be left alone, even if it is defective; but it is of no use. There are too many *enfants terribles* "out West," who cannot get it into their heads that a policy of "masterly inactivity" is the only wise one for the Republicans to pursue. The dilemma is certainly a vexing and uncomfortable one. The Grand Old Party has always proclaimed itself as "the party that does things." At the present time, however, it is belying its words and its record. It is afraid to act. It is afraid of its own fears. This is made quite plain in the following words of Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury: "It is probably true that many items of the present tariff schedules should be modified, but no modification could be made that would not leave many items to be modified. The question is not whether there are inaccuracies, inequalities in the present law, but whether it is wise to attempt revision at the present time. It is idle to suppose that any revision would satisfy our opponents, who have no revision policy of their own." Mr. Shaw is a good and honorable man; he is a student of political and economic questions. The words above cited, however, prove that, at the present time, he is too much under the influence of those leaders of his party who deny that "it is a condition, and not a theory, that confronts them;" who believe more in party success than in party principles or party promises. Mr. Shaw practically concedes that the Dingley law contains many defects that should be rectified, but questions the advisability of revision at present. In other words, he gives his party such "statesmanlike" advice as this: "Yes, we have got a bad tariff law, but, please, don't do anything. It is better to have a bad tariff than a good one. The Democratic party would gain too much by a revision." The dilemma of the Republicans would be laughable, if it did not involve an important issue. They are fighting their own common sense. They are adopting a dishonest attitude, inasmuch as they endeavor to make people believe that an admittedly oppressive tariff law should be retained indefinitely. When a party has once reached the stage of opposing its own better conscience it is courting destruction. The American voter likes honesty and fairness; he likes to see an individual or a party declare a principle and then stick to it, without cowardly fear of consequences. The Republican party, in its present role of political

poltroonery, presents a sorry spectacle. It is not true to its own self when it asserts that it is both right and wrong on the same question. Mr. Roosevelt is the only official Republican who is not trying to move simultaneously in opposite directions. He is decidedly better than his party, and though the bosses know this and feel his antagonism, they are afraid to give him battle within the party. The ideal of character, to the leading Republican bosses, these days, is Bunyan's *Facing Bothways*.

Embalmed Beef Active

MICHIGAN politicians are executing ghost-dances since the death of Senator McMillan. There are important State questions agitating both parties. The Republicans do not seem to have a clear conscience, so far as their administration of State affairs is concerned. They are doing a good deal of squirming and explaining. The turmoil has been increased by the candidacy of several politicians for the United States Senatorship. It is alleged that the friends of the Governor are urging him to resign and enter the race, but the wiser politicians strongly advise against his taking the chances involved in such action. General Russell A. Alger's friends are vociferously active. The former Secretary of War is being groomed for the race, and it seems that his chances would be very good but for the potent influence of the political ghost of the dead Senator. McMillan was a good friend and a good enemy. He was sincere and warm in his likes and bitter and cold in his dislikes. At one time, he befriended Alger openly and honestly. But everything changed when Alger's opportunism thought it advisable to hitch his political chariot to Pingree's temporarily brilliantly glimmering star. That was too much for McMillan, who had no use for the eccentric reform Governor, and his schemes "for a millennium while you wait." After having expressed a willingness to retire from the Senate and a readiness to urge his friends to support Alger as his successor, McMillan changed his plans suddenly and startled everybody with the announcement that he had reconsidered and would enter his third race for the Senatorship. It was believed, at that time, that this was done at the instigation of President McKinley. Being popular, and a man of political courage, honesty and ability, McMillan was re-elected without difficulty, and Alger had to take a back seat. The latter's chances of a political resurrection, at the present time, would be decidedly more roseate but for the fact that McMillan's friends are in control of the ponderous Republican party machine, and doing everything to perpetuate the political policy of the dead Senator. Alger is thus fighting McMillan's ghost. That the fight will be a bitter and determined one cannot be doubted. Alger may have a record that smells of "embalmed beef," and there may be those who ridicule him for his saying that the War Department was excellently organized until the Spanish war came along and disorganized it, but General Alger has a "bar'l," and he is not disinclined to tap it when he needs votes. He has done so generously on several occasions when he thought himself a candidate for a Presidential nomination. Alger has no particular ability, except as a campaign contributor. If, by any possible "fluke," he should be sent to the Senate from Michigan, the State would be entitled to consider itself disgraced before the country. Alger is a type of politician that the people are very weary of—a rank, frank spoilsman, a believer in the purchaseability of political honors with "coin," an incompetent official, a soldier with a slightly speckled record, and so forth. His projection of himself into prominence in this matter amounts almost to an insult to the American people.

That Stolen Money

THE Republicans are saying that this State has lost \$11,000,000 somehow under Democratic rule. The charge looks big, but unfortunately for the Republicans, they can't say where, when or how the money was lost or misapplied. They cannot trace the disappearance to any one administration. They do not agree as to the exact amount

missing and they do not agree as to the way in which the money was diverted. The State authorities have published the report of experts in finance, who say they examined the books and found nothing wrong. Those experts are in the business of examining accounts. If they couldn't find a deficit of \$11,000,000, then they don't know their business. If they were paid not to find the deficit they would never dare ask for any other business as accountants. They are men of exalted standing. The other men who claim to have found deficits, invisible to the experts, are all amateurs, and no two of them agree that the money alleged to be lost was misappropriated or deflected from its proper purpose, in any specified way, at any specified time, or in the administration of any specified official. We have always been told that bookkeeping is an exact science. If it is, why does not some Republican say just who took the money and misappropriated it. If the treasury has been looted, we should know just when and how it was done. If the books have been "doctored," the doctoring should show. But the louder the Republicans cry about the deficit, the less information they give about it. The Democrats deny that there is a dollar missing. They produce the reports of the experts to that effect. They point to the fact that the books have been examined time and again by Republican auditing committees that would have gladly declared any irregularities. The Republicans do not make their case. Their charges are scattering. Their specifications are vague. Their experts do not agree. Their shrieking is not convincing to the layman, and even the wisest of accountants, who would naturally be interested in such an issue as has been raised about the State's bookkeeping, cannot tell what the Republican amateur experts are trying to prove by their letters and tables of figures. The MIRROR is of opinion that the Republican charges against the Democrats are so vague that the people do not understand them. There is a cry of thief but no proof, that anyone can readily understand, that a theft has been committed. There was a time when the cry seemed to be dangerous to the Democracy, but now the Republicans have claimed so much and in so many different ways and dallied so desperately with technicalities that no one can tell exactly what they say has been stolen. The voter is simply confused. The demonstrations of dishonesty, in Republican papers, are bewildering to such a degree that they are strongly suspected of prestidigitatorial manipulation. The howl about stolen money is loud enough, but the people have not yet been shown how much was stolen, and by whom it was stolen, and until they are shown, they will not vote to turn out the Democrats, and elect a ticket framed by lobbyists, anarchists and plutocrats. Missouri will stay Democratic for some time to come.

Literary Statesmen

THE literary proclivities of Mr. Balfour, the New British Premier, have once more attracted attention to the increasing tendency among the world's leading statesmen to dabble in literature and journalism. At the present time, there are in England, besides Balfour, John Morley, Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, who have been, or still are, making contributions to papers and magazines, or writing books from time to time. John Morley has achieved marked distinction as a writer on political, historical, ethical and sociological subjects. His various biographical essays are considered of great charm and literary value. Morley is an original and fearless thinker, and a master of diction. Hellenic and Roman classicism is a predominating characteristic of all his literary efforts. He is, pre-eminently, an aristocrat of mind and thought, devoted to the infinite pleasures of intellectual pursuits. Lord Salisbury cannot be said to have Morley's literary enthusiasm and devotion. He works by fits and starts. At the present time, he is chiefly interested in philosophical and scientific investigations. Chemistry is said to be his chief hobby. In his younger days, however, he cut quite a wide swath in the pages of the *Saturday Review*, the *Standard* and the *Quarterly*

Review. His articles were always marked by masculine, slashing, peppery virility of thought. A deep vein of satire and irony ran through everything he ever said or wrote. He possessed the valuable art of telling a great deal in a few words, and thereby succeeded in gaining a wide circle of readers and hearers. The noble scion of the House of Cecil always talked straight from the shoulder. Like Bismarck, he was fond of fooling his enemies, and of surprising his friends, by sticking to truth. As an amateur in the world of letters, Lord Rosebery has made his mark. His biography of Pitt has earned him considerable praise. His diction is eminently amateurish, although possessed of some charming traits quite its own. As the *London Times* says, "its inequality is part of its charm, for it abounds in purple patches, and it is never monotonous." His "Napoleon—the Last Phase" is a great piece of historical writing. Mr. Balfour's efforts in matters of philosophy and religion have created a good deal of talk and met with plenty of criticism. The Prime Minister is not strictly a man of letters. His forte is abstruse philosophy. It may be that his political activity has handicapped him to some extent, and prevented him from devoting the necessary time and intellectual effort to speculation on his favorite subjects. In France, M. Hanotaux, former Minister of Foreign Affairs, is establishing for himself an enviable and well-earned reputation by his remarkably profound and elegant essays on various interesting topics. He has written several noteworthy monographs on Roman history and Roman statesmanship. He is a painstaking student of events of the past. In some respects, he has a community of taste with Mr. Morley. His dictum is careful, pure and chaste. In addition to M. Hanotaux, there are MM. Jules Roche, Hughes le Roux, Gaston Deschamps and Emile Ollivier, who are contributing to daily papers and leading magazines. In Spain, Germany, Italy and elsewhere we meet with many names of political celebrities on the pages of periodical literature. In our own country, the literary activity of leading men in politics is also increasing steadily. President Roosevelt and Henry Cabot Lodge are cases in point. Every magazine has its more or less prominent political contributors. It cannot be said, however, that any of our statesmen or politicians have attained to Morley's or Hanotaux' eminence in the world of letters. The effusions of Americans have, so far, been more of an amateurish character, and tinged too much with political bias.

AN EMIGRATION.

A PHASE OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL.

BY FRANCES PORCHER.

MADAME COCQUE ROCHE and her family were traveling slowly along a big water-main, when an old acquaintance met the party. No less a personage than Mistress Croton Bugge it turned out to be and the greeting between the two distinguished travelers was most cordial.

"I see you have the children all with you," said Mrs. Croton, peering down the line where, in the distance, a few thousand of tender years were struggling in the rear. "Are you out for exercise?"

Madame Roche shook her head in most melancholy fashion. "Moving," she tersely said.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Croton, "I thought you were so well satisfied. What is wrong, my dear? This great hub-bub of the city about cleaning up?"

"Bah!" scornfully ejaculated Madame.

"It is not that. The city may clean up all it pleases—on the outside—and make all the fuss it likes about it, but I can assure you, Mrs. Croton, I am more afraid of one of these wretched women who talk sanitation and then go poking around their own houses and into their own ash-bins

and smelling their own garbage pails, than I am of the entire B. P. I. Let them scrape around the alleys all they please, but for me and mine and many of our friends there is territory enough inside, after the city is through on the outside; if, my dear Mrs. Croton, women can only be persuaded to be ladies and stay in the parlors or bedrooms where they belong. And this is what I am doing now, hunting a house presided over by a *real* lady, one who attends her clubs or goes driving and shopping and has no time to meddle with things beneath her, and thereby does not hound out of existence thousands, yes, millions," (and she waved her front leg particularly toward the procession of *orthopteri* behind her, and something akin to a tear shone in her eye while her voice fairly broke) "of innocent beings."

"Or, if I can find one who is satisfied to just *talk* all this sanitation rot and tell the maid what to do and then go on about her own business. That sort of a person will do just as well, for the maid isn't apt to worry herself pouring hot copperas-water down pipes and scrubbing sinks until there isn't so much as a grain of rice or a pin's head of potato peel left for one of my babies; no, indeed. I've heard them before-to-day come in the kitchen and tell Bridget not to use the hot water out of the tank to cook with and to be sure to pour the greasy water in the outside sewer cess-pool, and not to forget to use copperas in the sink and never to throw half-burned garbage in the ashes, etc., etc., etc., and I've almost dropped out of my hole a-laughing. Then I've seen Bridget go to work, as soon as the lady left, and take water out of the hot-water tank to settle for drinking, and throw half pieces of canteloupe rind in the ashes, and as to copperas, you never even smelt it in that house. Now, there was a *real* lady; she hired people to do her work and then she let them alone. If she hadn't died of typhoid I'd still have a nice, comfortable home."

"Then," said Mrs. Croton, "I imagine you do not like the new people who have come in?"

"Like them!" exclaimed Madame Roche, "my dear, I detest them. The *commonest* person I ever saw is the mistress. She hadn't been in the house but one night before she sent for a plumber, mind you, a *plumber*, and had him tack tin around the water-pipes and over all the holes he could find, so that poor Mr. Rodent, who had lived there for years, had to get out, and barely with his life, for he was in the box around the water-pipe and came near being suffocated before he gnawed through some little drain pipes that were in his way. Then she ordered the girl to do all sorts of foolish things about the sink and the girl had so little independence she did them and we nearly starved for a while. But she was very busy for several weeks and did not come in the laundry and that was our salvation, so we worried along and had a nice home under the settling barrel."

"She would look down from the steps once in a while and say to the girl: 'Martha, are you sure you are very particular about the laundry? No water sitting around or anything?' And Martha would say, 'Yes, ma'am, I keep that laundry 'specially nice.'"

"And do you empty the settling barrel every week, Martha, and keep it fresh?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," says Martha, "and there is where I nearly broke a rib laughing again. Well, it was early spring then, and the first warm days soon came and one day this woman came down and made a big fuss about *one* mosquito she had found."

"It is too early for them," says she, "and I know there must be stagnant water somewhere around." Then her husband laughed at her and told her she had a fine nose for stagnant water, when there wasn't a pond in a mile of her. Then the next day she caught sight of me on an exploring expedition in Martha's room and it was all I could do to get away from that furious woman. Why, she had no more repose of manner than a whirligig! She started out and went through every blessed closet in that house; she cleaned the kitchen closet herself and poured hot water, filled with vile smells, down the sink, and hundreds of my little ones perished. Then she went to

the laundry and made straight for the water-barrel. Oh, Mrs. Croton, I can scarcely control my emotions when I remember that day!—and when she took off the top she nearly fainted. The smell *was* horrible, but not half as bad as the stuff *she* poured in the sink. Then there was a scene. She had that barrel cleaned and thrown in the yard and swore she'd never have another one: that they'd have to settle water some other way. A most thriftless woman, for her poor husband had paid \$1.25 for that barrel a few months before. We were living under that barrel, and in the destruction, which was equal to Pelee, only myself and a remnant of my family escaped. As to poor Mrs. Mosquito, who was really a pleasant neighbor, I've never heard of her since.

"There was only one comfort about it. Martha said she guessed she wasn't clean enough for that place, so she quit, but still that was hard on us, for when that woman had to go in the kitchen herself our last hope vanished and that is why we have had no settled home since."

"It is atrocious," said Mrs. Croton, "I say 'live and let live,' myself."

"Ah, yes," mournfully agreed Madame Roche, "but people are queer creations. Did it ever strike you, Mrs. Croton, how inconsistent they are about that thing they call religion? They believe in some place they call Heaven, and tell how beautiful it is, and talk about how they long to go there, and then make a terrible howl if somebody has typhoid and dies, or a few children die with diphtheria, and they go to work draining and fumigating to keep the rest alive, as if they were afraid they might all go to Heaven. I can't understand them. But one thing I do know. The B. P. I. is up against a hard job if they think they can clean up and drive us and our friends out for 'keeps.' There's got to be a whole lot of housekeepers made over before then, and that's a proposition no city can face. That's why I am not afraid of this agitation. But we'll be moving on. Good-bye, dear Mrs. Croton."

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## FOR A SEASON OF GOOD MUSIC.

BY RICHARD SPAMER.

THE gratifying announcement is made that the Choral-Symphony Society, the oldest musical organization in these parts, is going to do really great things during the coming season. The active spirits in it feel that the vote of confidence given last spring, by which a guarantee fund of \$20,000 was raised, puts an added responsibility on the society and this must be met by the best concerts that the musical market affords.

Now, what is best in music is not always best for the consumer of music. If there be any department of art in which there is milk for babes as well as food for men, it is the realm of music. And of all the art-purveyors, the professors of music are most prone to enforce the error in diet which gives the food for men to the babes and the milk for babes to the adults.

The fact of the matter is that, hitherto, the emulative, imitative spirit in local musical affairs has largely dominated the composition of Choral-Symphony programmes. What Chicago and Theodore Thomas; Boston and Wilhelm Gericke; New York and Walter Damrosch; Pittsburg and Victor Herbert; and Cincinnati and Dr. Van der Stucken could do with the several orchestras enumerated, St. Louis, through the agency of differently constituted, instrumentally concerted forces, believed itself also capable of accomplishing. This, in itself a worthy ambition, was unfortunately not entirely locally applicable. It has been a case of the food for men not first coming in the shape of milk for babes. We tried to fly, orchestrally speaking, before we were out of the swaddling clothes of our concertedly musical endeavor.

In other words, before the foundation of true orchestral appreciation and understanding had been laid, we found ourselves not only attempting to interpret, but to understand the big orchestral things. We were playing orchestral music before even the orchestra quite comprehended what

it was about; then we went a false step farther and began to do, as nearly as we could, like the older communities—older in an appreciative art-sense—by imitating their orchestral methods—trying, to use another simile, to put the roof and cornice on our art building before we had reared its foundation. This Chinese method might go very well in China, but please think a moment of Chinese music in this relation!

Now it is proposed to change all this—and it is going to be change for a verity. The orchestral sense of the society is making for betterment. This will express itself in the determination not to out-Thomas Theodore Thomas in the presentation of untried European novelties. There is a well-defined rumor that the wild Tschaikowsky, the restless Richard Strauss, the non-descriptive Dr. Elgar, and many others, whose compositions look upon us with such titled distinction from out among the programme pages, will be given an aging rest and that the hundreds of orchestral works which many of us have not heard as finished as they should be given, are to be assigned to places of prominence in the Choral-Symphony's offering. May it be so. May it also be that the soloists be chosen not solely with a view to their quality as vocal and instrumental diverters. Let them know how to play from the heart, sing from the heart and that their eternal "technic" has not refined all soul, all sense out of them.

And as for the Choral-Symphony chorus, it has always been good, always reflected the best sort of local musical enthusiasm. This year it is going to be better, larger, more obedient to salutary discipline. There is no better place in St. Louis for the man or woman, young or old, with a voice than the Choral-Symphony chorus. It is only requisite here to point out that this chorus sings with the best orchestra in St. Louis, that there is available for it one of the best organs in the city, and that the training of this vocal body is received from professional musicians of the highest standing in St. Louis. Further than that, the chorus has a voice in its own musical affairs. It practically selects the compositions to be offered by it during the season, its votes on these subjects being, to a large extent, mandatory on the society's executive staff.

So, with the nearness of the World's Fair, an honorable record, more money, a reawakened sense of responsibility, a compacter organization and an enlightened desire to make St. Louis music stand for something in the general scheme of things, the Choral-Symphony society bids fair, in the fast-approaching season, to make a new record for the city of St. Louis as well as for itself.

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THE DUMAS CENTENARY.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

SOUND of trumpets blowing down the merriest winds of morn,

Flash of hurtless lightnings, laugh of thunders loud and glad,

Here should hail the summer day whereon a light was born,

Whence the sun grew brighter, seeing the world less dark and sad.

Man of men by right divine of boyhood everlasting,
France incarnate, France immortal in her deathless boy,
Brighter birthday never shone than thine on earth,
forecasting

More of strenuous mirth in manhood, more of manful joy.

Child of warriors, friend of warriors, Garibaldi's friend,
Even thy name is as the splendor of a sunbright sword;
While the boy's heart beats in man, thy fame shall find not end:

Time and dark Oblivion bow before thee as their lord.

Youth acclaim thee gladdest of the gods that gild his days:

Age gives thanks for thee, and Death lacks heart to quench thy praise.

From the August Nineteenth Century.

AN EVOLUTION IN PROCESS.

BY JOHN H. RAFTERY.

IN a recent article about billion dollar corporations, I tried to illustrate the proposition that the trust of to-day, whether good or bad, is the inescapable result of that popular opinion, that insistent majority which now clamors loudest against the creature of its own necessities. Coming to-day from a visit to the rice fields of Texas, where farmers, who never saw a rice plant before three years ago, are netting from \$30 to \$45 per acre from land that was sold to them as low as \$10 an acre, I find that the great manufacturers of harvesting machinery have formed an industrial combine for the more economical production of farm implements.

Here now are the opposite ends of a vast industrial situation, the antipodal interests of two classes of activity, moving independently and yet in fixed and harmonious ellipses and, I think, making for the establishment of a system that is as essential to the permanent equilibrium of American commercial supremacy as order, sequence, interdependence are necessary to the life of all potential organism. As if to enhance and embellish a situation that might seem otherwise trite, or statistical, or argumentative, the imminent conditions which I have chosen lend themselves with equal symmetry and pertinence to the fascinating story of the new development of the Southwest and to the less entertaining, if more momentous, subject of trusts.

In the first place the International Harvester company is one of the few industrial combinations whose cash assets have been in proportion to its capitalization; it is one of the few which did not call in a syndicate to finance its installation; it is one of the few which have no stock to peddle and no battalion of hungry bond-holders to eat up the "savings" made possible by combination. The Deering and the McCormicks, who founded and upbuilt the two greatest implement industries in the world, have no intention of quitting business. They will hold on to the property and the management of its affairs.

The organizers of the new trust, like most of their predecessors, say that the object of the combination is to minimize the cost of production. But, unlike their fore-runners, they have given a guarantee of good faith by precluding the chance of becoming a ping-pong ball for Wall street. They do not promise that they will reduce the prices of their product. But they explain that the object of economizing is to keep from advancing prices, an alternative which the farmer is in no mood to stand, but which is known to be almost unavoidable on account of the high cost of the raw material used in the making of agricultural implements. The promises, explanations and initial performances of the implement trust are so feasible, so reasonable and so practically fair, so prudent and so unpretentious by comparison with others, that the latest recruit to the roll of pooled industries comes very near being the first and best example of the true modern method of centralized enterprise. So much for a trust which, if not a model, is a vast improvement over the majority of interest-consuming, stock-watering, bond-laden bunco combines which are made in New Jersey for the benefit of impersonal financiers and Wall street gamblers.

A few years ago the waste, submerged and untitled lands of the coast region of Texas comprised more than five million acres of ground that could be bought at an average of five dollars an acre. In the tillable areas the rainfall was sufficient, but it fell at wrong periods. In the lowlands there was a superfluity of water but no facilities for drainage. The experts who visited the region knew that it was naturally adapted for rice, and said so. A few farmers planted rice in the west marshlands about the Neches delta, but found it impossible to work harvesting machinery upon the quagmires. Some sowed rice in the drained uplands along the Nueces and Sabine rivers, but there was drouth when their crops needed water and deluges of rain when the plants had famished. On the uplands an enterprising agent for a Chicago manufacturer

drove a well and set up a pump. The small rice farm which he thus irrigated produced twelve barrels of rice per acre, which, at the then valuation of \$4, made for him an extraordinary profit in spite of the high cost of making the crop. When his rice fields, submerged during growth by two or three level inches of irrigation, had been drained off in the harvest season, he was able to fetch the cumbersome cutting and threshing machinery used on other cereals onto his ground.

The same enterprise which prompted that energetic agent to set up an irrigation plant in the drained lands, made possible the reclamation of the submerged lands. Beneath the whole territory there extends a subterranean body of good water held in cache, as it were, in a self-filtering gravel deposit which lies between a foundation of hard clay and the rich sand and alluvial of the surface soil. This water-supply is the inexhaustible, underground flow from the run-offs of the arid lands of the high altitudes of the inner and northwestern portions of Texas, and it lies ready, like the fields above it, to respond to the irresistible summons of machinery. Since the pioneer days of the rice industry in Texas, that State has come to produce two-thirds of the total consumption in the United States. We do not eat Chinese rice any more, nor do we pay high prices for what many scientific men describe, as "the most perfect cereal." Thus far only 350,000, out of 4,000,000 acres of available rice-lands, have been put under cultivation, but 50,000 acres are being annually "reclaimed" and added to the rice-yielding belt of Texas' coast country.

The Orient with its cheap labor and industrial slavery has always been regarded as the home of the rice plant. The Texas rice grower is already able to compete with and surpass the slant-eyed Mongolian in the markets of Liverpool and get net from his fields the greatest profit yielded by any crop of cereals in the world. How is he thus enabled to meet and vanquish "Chinese Cheap Labor" in a field of activity which, for Texas at least, is not a decade old?

One Asiatic rice grower, gratified and content to earn a sixth of the wages paid to a Texas farm laborer, takes a whole year to cultivate one-fourth of an acre, gaining from it an actual yield one-third less than he might reap from the same plot in Texas. One American, with his irrigating machinery, harvesting implements built specially for rice, and forty per cent less manual labor, can, in a single year, sow, cultivate, harvest and market the ultimate capacity of one hundred acres!

This autumn, when the irrigated and drained rice-lands of Texas shall have been rid of the waters which have covered them all summer, five thousand men, equipped with the most modern devices, the most powerful harvesters, and the most perfect milling facilities at their doors, will, in four weeks, accomplish what would have occupied the best efforts of 200,000 men fifteen years ago. They will reap and thresh and mill more than 2,000,000 barrels of rice and they will load it into 10,000 railroad cars, and when the cost and profit has been counted, 30,000 American rice farmers of Texas will have added nearly four million dollars net gain to their wealth.

In the extraordinary, though yet infinitesimal, development of this single agricultural possibility of Texas, Machinery has been certainly a most important factor. The oil fields of Beaumont, which I discussed in my last letter, had scarcely been tapped when the makers of the harvesting, pumping and draining machinery began to equip their steam implements with oil-burners. The oil trust operating, as I believe it does, in Texas, has already made the liquid fuel from Beaumont the cheapest, the stablest and the most accessible for the farming and pumping plants of the rice and lumber belts. The implement trust is now safeguarding the farmer against an advance in the cost of his machinery. The rice farmer himself is forming "Harvest Associations" for a co-operative system of gathering the aggregate yield of whole communities. He is even incorporating the "Farmers' Rice Milling company of Texas," for the economic and convenient handling of the grain. He is fixing his own prices on the straw, the bran and the by-products of his crop, and every time he is forced to reduce his prices, he "hollers" for a

corresponding reduction in machines, in railroad and shipping rates, in the price of fuel, in the lumber schedule.

He is already the most prosperous, most independent, most aggressive husbandman the world ever knew. But he is not content. *He means to rule the rice supply of the world, and with the help of the best machinery at the smallest possible cost, the richest land at the minimum price, the greatest shipping facilities at the lowest available tariffs, he will do what he has set out to do in the way which consolidation alone makes practicable, and he will do it in spite of the impotent "competition" of archaic Asiatics, octopus fighters, calamity-howlers, and all the visionaries who are theorizing while he is at work.*

ENGLISH LIBERALISM'S CHANCE.

BY THOMAS L. BASCOM.

WHO would have thought it possible that the solid Irish Nationalist vote in the British House of Commons would be cast in favor of a bill proposed by the Government? Yet that is precisely what has lately occurred, and nobody was, perhaps, more surprised at it than Messrs. Balfour and Chamberlain. The strange thing happened when pivotal clause seven of the Educational measure was submitted to a vote, and passed by a majority of 122, in spite of the violent opposition of Liberals and non-conformist allies. The pet measure of Mr. Balfour is regarded as a reactionary step by the Liberals. It is in strange contrast with anti-clerical legislation in France and Spain, where it is sought to secularize schools. Under the provisions of the Balfour measure, the public schools of Great Britain are to be completely clericalized. Money derived from taxes is to be used for the support of sectarian schools. The parochial schools of the Established Church and of Roman Catholics will be the chief beneficiaries. The Methodist and Baptist will have to pay taxes for the support of the High Church as well as for the support of clerical schools. The Liberal movement, which started thirty years ago, and had for its object a system of unsectarian public schools, and the expenditure of public taxes for schools controlled by town, city or State only, has struck a bad snag. There is an impression that the Irish Nationalists are trying to "get even" with those Liberals who abandoned the Gladstonian movement for Home Rule for Ireland and afterwards supported the Tory Government in its Irish Repression and South African policies.

The Liberal party may be said to have reached the culmination of its strength in the elections of 1880. As the Springfield Republican says, "it was then a party that was devoted, above all things, to the highest development of the British people at home and the emancipation of the masses from the sway of aristocracy and ecclesiasticism. It had disestablished the Anglican church in Ireland, and under such leaders as Mr. Chamberlain, then a radical, it had recently inaugurated unsectarian public schools in large cities, such as Birmingham, Mr. Chamberlain's home. In London, the board schools, early in the '70s, had made a promising start, under the guidance of Liberals like Prof. Huxley."

At that time, the tendency was towards the final disestablishment of the Church of England, and the emancipation of National education from ecclesiastical control. Everything hoped for went to pieces, however, when Mr. Gladstone's proposals for Irish Home Rule brought about the disruption of the Liberal party and the restoration of the Conservative party. At the present time, the Established Church is an earnest supporter of the Balfour government, and the renegade Liberals, led by Mr. Chamberlain, are, by sheer force of circumstances, compelled to support an educational measure that completely upsets the traditional ideals of true Liberals. The Irish Nationalists recognize that their hour for revenge has at last arrived, and they can hardly be blamed for allying themselves, temporarily, with the Governmental party.

Yet, taking everything into due consideration, and

bearing in mind the drift of the times, one cannot but arrive at the conclusion that Mr. Balfour is treading dangerous paths. He has arrayed himself against liberal ideas and principles; he has turned his back to the present and the future. He may succeed in having his measure enacted into law, but he will not strengthen the hold of his party upon the masses of the British voters, not even with the powerful support of Mr. Chamberlain at his back. What is the Birmingham *parvenu* up to, anyway? Is he urging the Premier on to destruction? Does he intend to make Mr. Balfour unpopular, to bring about his overthrow, and then to ride, rough-shod, over the crushed Tory, into supreme power and authority? Mr. Chamberlain is a sly, old fox. He seceded from the Gladstonian Liberal party, several years ago, and he may be relied upon to secede from the Tories, if he can thereby further his political interests and ambitions.

The future of the Liberal party has been made more promising by the Balfour measure. With a shrewd, courageous and resourceful leader, the Liberals should be able to put up a good fight in the next elections. All they have to do is to stick to their former principles, and allow of no dodging, opportunism, or truckling to vulgar prejudices. Some of the leaders have declared that the Liberal party can no longer, at least not for the present, urge measures providing for the disestablishment of the Church of England. Why not? Prof. Goldwin Smith has bitterly denounced the modern lukewarmness of British Liberals on this matter. He voices his indignation and disgust in the following words: "The question of Disestablishment, we are told, has dropped out of sight. It is difficult to say what has not dropped out of sight in England just now, except horse-racing and foot-ball. But if the Liberal party shirks the question of disestablishment, can it be said to be consistent in struggling to secularize education? Let the British Liberals first do away with the State church, and make a free church in a free State. Then let them take education away from the church, and if they deem it a State function, give it to the State." If the Liberal party has any common sense and courage left over from its former golden period of vitalizing energy and true statesmanship, it will do well in following Prof. Goldwin Smith's advice. He has pointed out the way to future success.

Americans will note the parallel between the plight of the English Liberal party and that of the Democracy in this country. The same sort of split occurred in both. Gladstone's Home Rule idea did the work for one party, Mr. Bryan's Free Silver idea for the other. Both parties are rudderless and pilotless. In each are factions siding with the opposition. The resemblance is striking in many other ways.

THE STRAWS OF DEATH.

BY W. O. GEEHAN.

THE regiment was settling down for the night with some grumbling and much profane jesting, for Western volunteers possess a sense of humor superior to the most trying conditions. Somewhere in the darkness in front, the Filipinos were taking pot shots between their cigarettes, as an occasional *zeu!* attested.

"There go the damn typewriters," cried a young private. "Firing at fire-flies, as usual. No sleep to-night."

"Typewriters" was a contemptuous appellation given to the Fourteenth Regulars, because the popping of their magazine-guns in the distance slightly resembled the noise of the machine of peace.

"Put your mouth on the safety notch," ordered the captain from the right of the company. "They're sending out the outposts. Get their bearings, so that you can shoot around them if the ball opens up."

Two men were receiving final instructions from the colonel, previous to venturing into the hostile country in front. "Sneak out about two hundred yards," ordered the

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officer, "and lie low. If you see any signs of an attack try to get back and warn us. If you can't get back, you must warn us somehow, and take your chances. No need to tell you to be careful. You hold the lives of many men in your hands. Good luck, boys."

This sort of work is called Cossack outpost duty, and men detailed upon it should not be men of family or nerves. A few nights previously two nervous men were detailed upon it. One of them fired at a white pariah dog. The shot caused the Filipinos to concentrate a series of volleys lasting thirty minutes, in the direction of the outposts. The Americans awakened from a sound sleep and let go several unauthorized volleys. Consequently, the two nervous men, being between two fires, were riddled with two kinds of ammunition.

The two men detailed for this evening's work were of different metal "*Moriturus te salutamus*, colonel," said one, with a reckless laugh. With the easy nonchalance of veterans they gave the rifle salute, and, sliding over the top of the trench, disappeared into the night.

"There go two good men," observed the colonel.

The two men tiptoed across the dry rice paddies, each holding his rifle at the ready. There was no sound except the occasional hiss of a random bullet, or the faint and distant pop of a rifle.

"Guess this is far enough," said one of the men at length; "here is a little hollow. Why, it is almost as safe as the trench." The other acquiesced with a faint murmur, and they sprawled upon the ground facing the enemy's territory.

"It's a queer freak of fate that we two should be detailed on this together," observed the shorter of the two, "after avoiding each other so successfully."

"It's damned queer, Osbourne," returned the other, "but we'll have to stand it."

"It is not that I would want a better man for a tight place, Wade," said Osbourne, "but there is that one thing."

"Yes, I know," wearily; "that's the trouble. If you were not as good or a better man than I, there would be no danger of Helen Bartlett caring for you."

"We were good friends in the old days, Billy," said Osbourne, rather huskily; "if one of us only loved her a little less."

"No go, Tom," replied the other. "It is either her or hell for me. Our friendship was a holy thing, but she is above that. Would you—"

"No, you are right. It's no thoroughfare. My God! I wish it were ended, one way or the other."

"What can we do?" queried Wade, with studied composure. "We can't gouge each other with bayonets out here, and Springfields at two yards is a bit too unique."

Osbourne laughed harshly. "We might draw straws, the loser speedily to meet an accidental death."

"No, thanks," replied Wade. "I am willing to take my bullet if it comes, but not that way. One of us might get it decently at any time."

"You're right, Wade," said Osbourne. "You're a good fellow."

"Same to you," returned Wade. "Let's quit chattering and attend to our work."

For some time they lay silent, staring into the darkness for things they could not see, even had they been there. Only the intermittent popping of musketry and the occasional *zeu!* of a Mauser bullet broke the silence. Now and then they could see through the blackness a faint, momentary red flare.

"Confound them," observed Osbourne, "the Filipinos can smoke, anyhow. I'm dying for a cigarette."

"If you light a match here," said Wade, "we'll be targets for about four thousand rifles."

"That's true enough," agreed Osbourne, with a soft chuckle; "cigarettes are rather expensive out here." Another period of silence followed.

"Wade," inquired Osbourne, suddenly, "are you willing to try a wild scheme for settling this matter forever?"

"Anything fair and reasonable," replied the other. "What's your plan?"

"Draw straws," said Osbourne, briefly, "the man who gets the short one to stand up and light a match, and—go to his fathers."

Wade caught his breath and remained mute for some time, considering. "Not so bad," he observed after a time; "but we are on duty now."

"Oh, the devil," said Osbourne, lightly; "the Filipinos wouldn't attack for all the loot of Manila. An outpost here is merely a matter of form. Besides, one of us will be left."

"That's so," returned Wade, "and I see no objection."

"You fix the straws, then," said Osbourne quickly. "I'll draw." He began to whistle softly in a nervous fashion, as men do when they are close to death. Wade

fumbled silently with some fragments of rice straw. His movements were slow and mechanical. Some men are constituted that way. "Here, Tom," he said, stretching out his right fist. "May the better man get it."

Osbourne extended a hand that trembled slightly, and fingered the disclosed ends of straw for a brief time. Suddenly he clutched one and pulled it out. At the same instant there was a strange, soft thud, and Wade fell upon his face. His limbs moved convulsively for a moment: then he lay motionless.

"For God's sake, Billy! what's up?" cried Osbourne, in an agonized whisper. He laid his hand on the man's face, but jerked it away horrified, for it touched something warm and wet.

"She's mine!" he muttered, with fierce triumph; then, "Poor Billy."

A thought came that caused him to gasp and shiver. He hesitated, reached for the dead man's hand, and loosened its clasp from the other straw. It was several inches longer than the one he had drawn.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "Oh, Billy!" he cried, shaking the dead man's shoulder as if to rouse him. "What shall I do?" Only the far-off popping of the rifles broke the oppressive stillness.

"What would you have done?" he asked in the same strain. "By God!" suddenly, "you were a good man. You would have kept the compact. I lost fairly. Bear witness, Billy, I am as good a man as you."

He laid his hand for an instant on the dead man's forehead. Then he rose slowly, and fumbled in his pocket. At length he found a match. For a moment he stood irresolute, inhaling strong breaths of air. Already he had begun to feel the horror of being shut out from it forever. It was hard to give the signal for his own death. His teeth came together with a click, and, scratching the match on his shoe, he held the flame before his breast.

From the Argonaut.

FOUR GOOD THINGS.

FOUR things among the best I class:
A ready wit at need,
A manly man, a bonnie lass,
And a word that means a deed.

From the Day-Book of John Stuart Blackie.

NEW BOOKS.

As a critic of manners and of men, of art and literature, of political, social and ethical aims and tendencies, the late Charles Dudley Warner has an enviable reputation. His knowledge of human nature was penetrating and varied. Close study of historical events of the past, and a philosophical broadness and liberality of spirit, made him one of the most delightful essayists of America. Mr. Warner was an idealist, with very practical opinions of the world and mankind in general. His essays constitute a curious mixture of simple, common sense, profound, well-ripened observation and that aristocratic loftiness of spirit which distinguishes the scholarly man of the world. Since his death, his later papers have been collected and put into book form, and published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In his well-written introduction, Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie has the following to say regarding Mr. Warner as an essayist: "He saw clearly, he felt deeply, and he thought straight; hence the rectitude of his mind, the sanity of his spirit, the justice of his dealings with the things which make for life and art. He used the essay as Addison used it, not for sermonic effect, but as a form of art, which permitted a man to deal with serious things in a spirit of gayety, and with that lightness of touch which conveys influence without employing force. He was as deeply enamored as George William Curtis with the highest ideals of life for America, and, like Curtis, his expression caught the grace and distinction of those ideals."

The contents of this volume are of a varied character. They range from a discussion of "Fashions in Literature" to an interesting and timely study of "the Education of the Negro." The idealistic character of Mr. Warner is strikingly reflected in the following words, which are diametrically opposed to the views lately expressed by *pseudo* literary authorities: "The better part of the life of man is in and by the imagination. This is not generally believed, that the chief end of man is the accumulation of intellectual and spiritual material. Hence it is that what is called a practical education is set above the mere enlargement and enrichment of the mind; and the possession of the material is valued, and the intellectual life is undervalued. But it should be remembered that the best preparation for a practical and useful life is in the high development of the powers of the mind, and that, commonly, by a culture that is not considered practical." Further on, we read that "the great masters of finance were the classically-trained orators, William Pitt and Charles James Fox."

In the essay on "Certain Diversities of American Life," the following deserves reproduction: "An intense desire to be rich, which is strong enough to compel even education to grind in the mill of the Philistines, and an inordinate elevation in public consideration of rich men simply because they are rich, is a characteristic of this little point of time on which we stand. In a reasonably optimistic view, the age is distinguished for unexampled achievements, and for opportunities for the well-being of humanity never before in all history obtainable. But these characteristic are so prominent as to beget the fear that we are losing the sense of the relative value of things in this life."

Mr. Warner is especially severe in his denunciation of the frivolities and over-indulgence in luxury prevalent among the upper

classes of society. He sees in such things one of the causes of prevailing discontent. He says: "The astonishing growth of luxury and the habit of sensual indulgence are seen everywhere in this country, but are most striking in the city of New York, since the fashion and wealth of the whole Nation meet there for display and indulgence. New York, which rivals London and outdoes Paris in sumptuousness. There congregate more than elsewhere idlers, men and women of leisure, who have nothing to do except to observe or to act in the spectacle of Vanity Fair. Aside from the display of luxury in the shops, in the streets, in private houses, one is impressed by the number of idle young men and women of fashion. It is impossible that a workingman, who stands upon a metropolitan street-corner and observes this Bacchanalian revel and prodigality of expense, should not be embittered by a sense of inequality of the conditions of life."

In his observations on the "Education of the Negro," Mr. Warner makes a very pregnant and significant remark, when he says that "politicians must cease to make the negro a game of politics." According to his ideas, the only permanent and most satisfactory solution of the negro problem is to make the negro an integral and an intelligent part of the industrial community."

People who like to do some thinking, and to intersperse their fiction-diet with something more serious, once in a while, may be recommended to read this collection of essays, and therefrom to imbibe something of the spirit of an American man of letters who had a singularly acute insight into the mainsprings of human action and thought. The price of the volume is \$1.20 net.

"At the Bank of the Beyond," by Jane Barlow, author of "Irish Idylls," is another series of stories treating, for the most part, as the author says, "of trivial haps and mishaps, though a fragment of tragedy, a morsel of romance, is to be discovered here and there among them." Irish life and character are interestingly described in the twelve sketches which the volume contains. The author undoubtedly has the knack of giving life in Ireland a sympathetic and graphic interpretation. One of the best of these short stories is "Perry's Show." Irish readers will welcome this latest work of Jane Barlow. It will remind them of many scenes of their native land, and give them, perhaps, a new view of the life of the poorer classes of the peasantry of the Emerald Isle. The volume is published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

The visits of the Shah of Persia to European capitals have diverted the attention of diplomats, soldiers, scholars and business men to the far-off land of Zoroaster and Mahomet, which has been converted into a buffer-state between Anglo-India and Russia. That Persia and its dependencies are gradually being drawn into the circle of European civilization has been known for some time. It is asserted that the Shah is taking an intense interest in world-politics, in modern science and discoveries, and eager to have his children well versed in European culture. For years, French, English and German teachers have been engaged in educating the imperial princes, who, it is said, display a remarkable natural aptitude, and learn their lessons with great zeal and avidity. In some respects, the Persians are considerably ahead of the Turks and Arabs. How is this to be ac-



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counted for? Is it pride of past history, of a superior kind of religion and philosophy, that gives such an aristocratic, fascinating tinge to Persian civilization and makes the people more appreciative of Occidental achievements? Is the blood of the ten lost tribes of Israel coursing through the veins of the modern Persian and preparing fertile mental ground for the spread of European culture? Whatever the causes may be, it cannot be questioned that Persia is a highly interesting country, and that everything that is written about its life and its people is sure of attracting immediate attention. A valuable addition to "Persian literature" is a book published by John Lane, New York, entitled "Persian Children of the Royal Family," by Wilfrid Sparrow. But why not "Children of the Persian Royal Family?" It is a narrative of an English tutor's experiences at the court of H. I. H. Zillu's Sultan. The author has adopted the anecdotal, popular style, and displays considerable insight into the traditions and customs of the Persians. He has none of that lofty contemptuous superiority which the European man of culture is so fond of showing, when it comes to a discussion of the intellectual world of Oriental people. He points out both the strong and weak sides of Persian character, and makes due allowance for difference in race, climate and religion. In relation to the Aryan Persian's attitude towards life, the author has the following to say: "The European, living in the present, makes haste to grow rich; to him time is money. The Persian, *per contra*, being of a more abstract and contemplative turn of mind, decides not to 'live, but to know.' And so he sits him down besides the banks of Time, and watches the river of years as it flows into the Ocean of Eternity, and, 'soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst,' sucks at the flagon of metaphysical speculation. Life is a dream to him, and, though the interpretations thereof differ, the upshot is one—death, the great awakening."

The following is an interesting description of an encounter with a mad Dervish: "Further on, a wild-looking Dervish, naked from crown to sole, save a linen cloth about the loins, emerged from the crowd of merchants and *mullas* on their way to the bazaars and mosques, and pursued our carriage down the street, turning somersaults and brandishing his bludgeon as he ran, and giving voice the while to his customary cry of 'Hu hakk, hu hakk!' ('Dae, due'), which sounded much more like a challenge than a petition for alms. The major assured me that the Dervish was mad, for which reason, as it would appear from the major's voice of awe, he was held in peculiar reverence by his countrymen."

That the Persians and Afghans are close students of European developments may be inferred from the following remarks of an Afghan prince, Iskander Khan, which are both amusing, striking and epigrammatic: "France only awaits a man. The Mother Church of England nestles in the bosom of her daughters, but where are her sons? The Church of Rome is bound to fall one day; sooner or later she will sink under the burden of her accumulative improbabilities. Russia is drawn irresistibly to the East, as if by her yearning to behold the sun. Englishmen are the 'salt of the earth,' for do not they rule the waves? Shakespeare was born great, Doctor Johnson achieved greatness, and poor Boswell had greatness thrust upon him. All Persians are Unitarians." The educational experiences of the author, at the Imperial Court, cannot but hold the attention of readers. The eager-

ness of the princes to learn, to perfect themselves in modern languages and scientific knowledge, is vividly and clearly told. From it all one derives the inference that, after all, Persian youth is not much different from the Occidental product, and endowed with a goodly share of intellect. Space forbids dwelling too extensively upon the wealth of material and information contained in this interesting book. It must be read to be fully appreciated. There are many excellent photographs. There is one of a Dervish, whose striking face is turned upwards in mystic devotion and rapture, and bears a remarkable resemblance to Munkacsy's representations of the Saviour. The book is neatly and appropriately bound.

Lovers of pugilistic sport will be interested in "Kings of the Queensberry Realm," by W. W. Naughton, America's best-known sporting authority, sporting editor of the Hearst newspapers, and the exposé of the Fitzsimmons-Jeffries fake. It is a very ambitious work, as it gives an account of every heavy-weight championship contest held in America under Queensberry rules, a sketch of every contestant who has taken part therein, and an account of the "invasion" of Australian boxers. The author, as may be expected, lays special stress on the necessity and advantages of fistic training as part of the curriculum of self-defence. He does not seem to have much use for the college-boxing class, and believes that the professional pugilist is born as well as made. He says: "There may be such a thing as a pugilist graduating from a college boxing-class into the professional ranks, but if he is anything like the average fighter of my acquaintance, he was destined for the twenty-four foot ring, anyhow. He was bound to get there, too, whether he imbibed his knowledge of things fistic from the teachings of a high-priced professor, or acquired his talent in the line of self-defence in friendly bouts during the lunch-hour at a rolling-mill." The book contains, also, a comparison of old methods of boxing with those in vogue to-day, and the complete ring-record of heavy-weight pugilists, and is profusely illustrated. The late Jeffries-Fitzsimmons contest at San Francisco, is reviewed and interestingly discussed. All sports will want this volume for ready reference. The book is published by the Continental Publishing Co., Chicago.

Sixteen years have elapsed since the publication of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson's stirring novel, "At the Mercy of Tiberius." During that long interval of time, the popular author preferred to live in retirement, and to leave her once so industrious pen unstained with ink, in spite of persistent solicitations on the part of publishers and personal friends and admirers to favor fiction lovers with another one of her delightful works. Mrs. Wilson, as it now appears, has not remained entirely inactive. While resisting the tempting offers from publishing houses, she kept in touch with the trend of affairs and with the problems that agitate modern mankind. She remained interested in political, social and ethical matters, and thereby experienced a ripening of imagination and thought that one is immediately struck with upon reading the first few pages of the new novel which she at last consented to write. She has fully retained all the warmth and versatility of imagination that captivated readers of "St. Elmo." In fact, the youthful, ebullient character of her romanticism is reflected on every page of



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her latest work, "A Speckled Bird." The story opens with an introduction of the reader to the heroine, *Eglah Kent*, and her grandmother, *Mrs. Maurice*. The latter is a true representative of the old aristocracy of the South, and the widow of a late Confederate General, who died a gallant death in defence of the "Lost Cause." The only daughter of *Mrs. Maurice*, *Marcia*, had been a wayward child, and caused bitter grief to her mother, when she eloped with and married a New Englander, *Judge Kent*, who was given an important position in the South during the gloomy days of the Reconstruction period. The daughter soon died of disappointment and disenchantment, after entrusting her baby-daughter, *Eglah*, to the care of her mother. *Mrs. Maurice* brings up the little one without any effusion of grandmotherly love [and tenderness. While treating *Eglah* well, she cannot forgive her for bearing such a striking resemblance to her hated father, *Judge Kent*. *Eglah* is too much her father's daughter to occupy a very warm spot in her grandmother's unforgiving heart. *Judge Kent* is allowed to see his daughter only occasionally. However, *Eglah's* existence is brightened up by the wealth of affection lavished upon her by her foster-mother, a young widow. *Judge Kent* marries a second time, his bride being a vivacious, society-loving widow of one *Mr. Herriot*, a wealthy New Yorker. *Mr. Herriot's* son by a first wife meets *Eglah* when she is only nine years old. He is attracted by the beautiful, little girl, and the bond of sympathy that springs up between the two ripens into love later on. *Herriot* is a handsome, noble young fellow, and of a character that is very much at variance with that of *Judge Kent*. The latter proved himself to be a mean, sordid, rascally politician. His loving daughter experiences a violent shock, when she, accidentally, becomes acquainted with her father's true character, during a highly dramatic scene. After a temporary estrangement, father and child are partly reconciled again, *Eglah* nursing him carefully during the last few days of his stormy life. The two lovers, after many trying vicissitudes, at last find the way to each other's arms and happiness. *Mrs. Wilson* has written a story that is replete with rapidly-moving action; that represents characters of flesh and blood; that is full of a certain kind of feminine philosophy, interspersed with a mellow, soothing religiosity,

that is both healthy and ennobling. The dark days of the Reconstruction period are graphically described. While not leaving her readers in doubt of the fact that her sympathies lie with the South, the author is disposed to be charitable and just to both sides. She is not given to exaggeration or minimizing, when circumstances require truth. She paints warts and all. "A Speckled Bird" is a worthy contribution to present-day fiction. It appeals to the better and more thoughtful class of readers. It purports to be, and is, a true novel, and, as such, deserves reading. The volume is beautifully printed and cloth-bound. Price \$1.50 net. Published by G. W. Dillingham Co., New York.

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WHERE IS THE BELGIAN HARE?

What in the name of humanity has become of that wonderfully interesting little chap, possessed of more virtues to the square inch than all the rest of the animal kingdom combined, the Belgian hare? Less than a year ago he was heralded far and wide as the benefactor of the universe. Statesmen knelt at his shrine; legislators considered his needs; associations were organized bearing his name; banquets and food shows were held in his honor; epicures smacked their lips at the thought of him; invalids ate of him and were cured; sportsmen delighted to sing his praises; acres of valuable land were set apart for his benefit, and fortunes awaited all who were shrewd enough to start a Belgian hare farm.

We were told that want or hard times never could overtake us while Belgian hares were in our midst and their comrades were in our orchards. Their flesh was better than turkey; their fur beat seal and otter; and in disposition they were the embodiment of all that was gentle and lovely. To breed and cultivate these hares was the easiest thing out. They would eat uncomplainingly whatever they could get; and two hares were all that a man needed, to start with, in order to become independently rich in a very short time. Proof of this was given in an authentic statement printed about two years ago in the *Argonaut*, of San Francisco. There, it was shown, in estimating the hares' average rate of increase, that one pair of the animals would be represented at the end of a year by twenty-two, and that in five years, if the increase went on proportionately, the descendants would number 3,809,322.

What, we ask, has happened to the Belgian hare family? Where are all its historians and advance agents? Where are its 10,000,000 or more representatives who were reported by the hares' census taker to be living last year in the United States, and what have they done for posterity? Where are the thousands of tons of canned hare supposed to have been "put up" in Arizona and other States of the Southwest? And what about the multitude of people who, having tasted hare meat, swore never to forsake it. How are their appetites being appeased?

These are momentous questions at the present time when meat is dear and the landlord is inexorable. Under other conditions, people might be feasting to the limit on Belgian hare baked or broiled or roasted, or served in the form of soup or fricassee, instead of having to put up, day after day, with the commonplace fare of eggs and pancakes. What right, moral or otherwise, have those who would liberate mankind from the tyranny of the "Beef Trust" to neglect a matter of such importance?—*New York Sun*.

FISH OR GAME?

The Canadian department of marine and fisheries is wrestling with the problem as to whether a frog is fish or game.

Owing to the enormous increase in the export of frogs' legs to the United States some fear is felt that unless restrictions are placed upon the killing of Canadian frogs there will soon be none left in the country. If a frog is a fish the department at Ottawa has the power to institute a close season for it. If, however, it should be decided that the frog comes under the category of game, the question of a close season must be settled by the provincial authorities.

If the law officers of the different govern-

ments interested fail to come to an agreement on the subject the matter will probably be submitted to a committee of experts. Everybody agrees that something must be done to prevent the total destruction of a valuable article of both food and commerce. If it should be decided that the frog is neither fish nor game it may be necessary, in order to secure a law for its protection, to obtain from the imperial parliament the passage of an amendment to the act of British North America.

THE SUBURBAN SYSTEM.

Awake at 6:30 A. M. (See that you have a good, trusty alarm clock. Roll over once. Take a nap of about fifteen minutes. Your wife will then call you—well, it really doesn't matter what she calls you. Keep cool. Close your mouth tightly to avoid a scene. Scenes are harmful. Arise and dress in precisely five minutes. Don't hurry. Haste is harmful. Take a brisk walk to the stairway leading to the attic, and, after drawing in several deep breaths, halloo several times in rapid succession. Cease immediately when the cook responds, "Help! Murther! Polace!" Then turn about and hasten down-stairs. Don't take more than three steps at one time. Walk briskly to the barn and spend five minutes hunting for the lawn-mower. By this time your mind will have become clearer. Don't fume. (Fuming, next to swearing, is especially harmful.) Walk slowly to your next-door neighbor's and politely ask him if he's through with it yet. Return slowly with the machine, and begin the lawn-mower movement. Keep it up for twenty minutes. Every time you run over a stone, say the alphabet backward. The simple mental exercise will tend to make you a man of letters. Immediately upon the elapse of the twentieth minute, walk to the breakfast-room. Sit down. Take five whole minutes to eat your breakfast. Don't bolt your food—eat slowly. Arise quickly. Put on your hat and grab your umbrella. Stand perfectly erect, without uttering a single word, for ten to fifteen minutes, while your wife enumerates what she wants you to bring home in the evening. She will then inform you that she's sure you'll miss your train. Run quite hurriedly a mile or so, to the railway station. On reaching the station you will discover what a far-seeing wife you're blessed with—you've missed your train. Walk up and down the platform several times until you cool off. Don't cool off in a hurry—take your time. Then sit down and rest for half an hour until the next train arrives. Take it at once. Then take a glass of water and a seat. That completes the morning exercise. The evening exercise is somewhat similar, only reversed. After conscientiously practicing this superb and splendid system daily from three to six months, according to the constitution of the practitioner, you will be surprised at the wonderful benefit derived from it. In fact, you'll feel like moving back to town. Then do so.—*Town Topics*.

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" Buffalo	2:55 am	6:18 am	7:25 pm	7:25 pm
" New York	2:55 pm	6:00 pm	7:50 am	7:50 am
" Boston	4:55 pm	9:03 pm	10:10 am	10:10 am

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SOCIETY.

Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. Dr. and Mrs. John Young Brown are now at Charlevoix, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Bass left last week to visit several weeks in Canada.

Mrs. Robert Lyle, left recently for Mackinac and other Northern points.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Hall are passing the summer at Charlevoix, Mich.

Mr. and Mrs. George Riddle have joined the St. Louisans at Mackinac Island.

Mrs. John C. Roberts and family are at the "Cliff," North Scituate Beach, Mass.

Mrs. O. L. Whitelaw, with her children, is summering at the Atlantic coast resorts.

Mrs. B. F. Givens, of Cabanne, accompanied by her daughter, has gone to Ottawa Beach.

Mrs. J. T. Wallace, with her children, has gone East, and is at present at Asbury Park, N. J.

Mrs. Seneca Taylor has, as her guest, her sister, Miss Robinson, of Washington, D. C.

Col. and Mrs. A. H. Stauffer left the early part of the week for Buffalo, N. Y., to visit relatives.

Mrs. Howard Payne, who has been making a visit to relatives in Kentucky, returned last week.

Mrs. Leroy B. Valliant left last Thursday on a visit to White Sulphur Springs, Va., for some weeks.

Mrs. O. L. Garrison, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Hazel Garrison, has gone to Falmouth, Mass.

Mrs. William Christy, accompanied by her son, Mr. Eugene Christy, has gone to make a tour of the Northern Lakes.

Mrs. J. W. Loader and Miss Belle Loader, who have been sojourning at the sea side resorts, are at Naragansett Pier.

Olis O. E. Lademann, and W. H. Vogt, left last Friday to spend a few weeks in Northern Wisconsin and Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Lemp, Jr., who have been East for some weeks, are at present visiting friends in New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Tyler have been for the past few weeks at South Haven, Mich., with their two little daughters.

Miss Agnes O'Reilly, who has been for the past six weeks visiting friends at Charlevoix, Mich., returned to this city last week.

Mrs. Edward Krausnick, accompanied by her cousins, the Misses Poertner, of Washington, D. C., is visiting at Naragansett Pier.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Murphy, of 4108 West Pine boulevard, are at the "Cliff," North Scituate Beach, Mass., until September 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Blackwell have been for the past two months visiting the Northern Lake resorts and have now gone to Bar Harbor, Me.

Miss Philo Larned, who has been for the past few weeks the guest of Mrs. J. L. D. Morrison, left some time ago to return to her Eastern home.

Mrs. R. F. Leggatt, accompanied by Mrs. Jesse Carleton and Miss Frances Carleton, has gone to Grand Haven, Mich., to remain until September.

Miss Juliette Farish, who has been passing the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Farish, of Delmar boulevard, will leave this week for Chicago, and thence East.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan, who, with their daughters and sons, have been making a tour of Canada, have returned to this country and are sojourning at the seaside.

An engagement of interest in social circles was announced last week by the parents of the bride-elect, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Bright, of 4934 West Belle, whose daughter, Miss Fannie Mae Bright, will marry Mr. H. Edgar French, in the fall, but the exact date has not as yet been settled. Mr. French is a son of Mr. Jesse French.

A quiet home wedding of the past week was that of Mr. William Grayson, of 1115 N. Grand avenue, and Mrs. Lucy Wood, who resides at the same place. The ceremony occurred very quietly in the presence of ten or a dozen of the nearest relatives of the couple, though the groom's son, Mr. W. E. Grayson, was absent, being himself on tour with his bride, who was Miss Grace Priest. After a Northern trip Mr. and Mrs. Grayson will reside at 1115 N. Grand avenue. Mrs. Grayson was a widow, and her son and daughter, the latter a student at one of the colleges, were present at the ceremony.

A wedding of considerable social importance, which took place last week, was that of Miss Marion Lindsay, of St. Louis, and Mr. Frank Overton Squire, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The ceremony was solemnized by Bishop Tuttle, at the country place of an aunt of the bride, Mrs. Ashley D. Scott, Roaring Brook, adjoining Wequetonsing. Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky,

the bride's father, gave away the bride. Miss Mary Semple Scott, a cousin of the bride, served as maid of honor, and Mr. Squire had for his best man Mr. Nathaniel Davis, of Cincinnati, Ohio. The ushers were Mr. Arthur Shipley, of St. Louis, and Mr. John Scarborough, of Cincinnati. After the ceremony about seventy-five guests were seated at a bridal breakfast, after which Mr. and Mrs. Squire took an afternoon train for Mackinac, and a tour of the lake resorts. They will be at home in Cincinnati after the first of October.

Whispered: "Say, old man, what is a 'summer girl?'" "A 'summer girl' is a rack to stretch shirt-waists on; inside is a receptacle for lobster salad and ice cream, while outside is an attachment for diamond 'rings.' But she's irresistible none the less—especially when she's shod in a pair of Swope's shoes, best in fit finish and durability, and just right in cost. Swope's is at 311 North Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.

GROWTH OF CREMATION.

Recent statistics show that there is a constant and growing tendency to return to the custom of cremation, that prevailed throughout the civilized world before the Christian era, excepting among the Egyptians, Chinese and Hebrews.

The disposition of the human dead by incineration has been meeting with more and more favor, that has in no wise been retarded since the first cremation society was formed in London, in 1874. That same year a crematory was erected in Milan and two years afterward one was built in Lodi, Italy. In two years more there was one in Gotha, Germany, and afterward they began to appear in all lands.

The first one in this country was erected in Washington, Pa., in 1883, and the one in Fresh Pond, L. I., came two years afterward. In this latter eight bodies were cremated the first year and seventy-six in the second year. In 1900 the total had passed the 600 mark, and during last year it reached 654.

There are now twenty-six crematories in the United States. In the year that New York's first crematory was opened only forty-six bodies were cremated in the entire country, while last year the number was 2,645.

HANDICAPPED FROM THE START.

A young man who is now a model husband and father was celebrated in Philadelphia for his wildness and reckless gayety before his marriage, about six years ago. On one occasion he hit on the idea of giving a mid-night supper for seventy-five, to be made up of a dozen of his intimate friends and six friends of each. The dozen were told to bring whomsoever they pleased, without regard for social standing, personal character, or anything of the sort. When all were seated, the host thought it a rare joke to ask a blessing, and cast about the table for somebody to pronounce the words. A clerical looking stranger impressed him as a proper man, and he made known his wish. The stranger arose and said:

"From the direction of your glance, sir, I think you were speaking to me; but I'm so deaf I couldn't hear a damned word you said."—*Philadelphia Times*.

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and service and refined patronage.



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SUMMER SHOWS.

THE PRINCESS BONNIE.

Purity and simplicity are Mr. Willard Spencer's watchwords. His "original American-Spanish comic opera" entitled "The Princess Bonnie" is a work which does not contain a line or word that will bring a blush to the most sensitive and youngest of cheeks. The "book" and the music are free from guile. No questionable harmonies, no doubtful witticisms; ingenuousness is stamped on every page of the score. Clearly, "The Princess Bonnie" is an eminently proper show, designed especially for ladies and children.

At the Delmar Miss Maude Williams is the *Princess Bonnie*. She is earnest and sincere always, speaks fatuous lines with convincing fervor, and sings the tunes delightfully. Her musical taste and intelligence give a gloss to Mr. Spencer's kindergarten melodies and make them sound very much better than they are.

Blanche Chapman, too, does a lot of veneering for Mr. Spencer. Her eccentric song and dance in the first act, and her dance in the second act are the hits of the performance. Carrie Reynolds is captivating as the flirtatious *Kittie Clover*. She dances airily, sings gaily and smiles sweetly to the very end. Clarence Harvey gets a lot of fun out of *Shrimps*. Eddie Clark's clever dialect is on hand again in the part of *Count Castinetti*. Harry Davies as *Roy Sterling* does the best singing of his stay here, and the chorus helps to make the audience like this week's operatic offering at this popular garden.

This is Papinta's second and last week at Forest Park Highlands, with a possibility that she will not be seen here again in several years. A cleverer programme could not have been devised than this week's. It is more than a serious competitor for the down town theaters, with such artists as the Macarte Sisters, who are just over from England, and will soon go back again; Lew Sully, one of the leading monologists and topical songsters in the country; Francelli and Lewis, Hayes and Healy and the Onri Family. Next week brings another great Highlands attraction, "The Girl With the Auburn Hair," whose great singing act is wonderfully improved by some new light and scenic effects. The other numbers on the programme are the Saxophone Quartette, of which Lefebvre, Gilmore's old musician, is the leader; the Bollis in operatic music, York and Adams, Girard and Gardner, and others. The Delaurs Trio are nightly singing on the Roof Garden, which adds to that cool spot on the "Big Place On the Hill" fresh attraction.

Did you notice that great rush into Humphrey's Clothing Store lately? Gosh, but they have excitement there! And all on account of sharp cuts in the prices of men's and boys' clothing, straw hats and furnishings. They are cutting things right and left; first-class suits are practically going for a song; straw hats are almost given away, and furnishings are going at quotations that make the average buyer stare with astonishment. All roads lead to Humphrey's store at the present time. If you are looking for bargains in the lines mentioned, you know where to find them.

THEN THE STRUGGLE BEGAN—Wood: "Extremes meet." Tucker: "They do. To-night I ate some angel cake and deviled ham."—Puck.

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\$15 values, to.....\$11.75
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from \$12 to.....\$9.75
Wool Crash Coat and Pants,
from \$15 to.....\$9.75
And from \$12 to.....\$3.75
Genuine Seersucker Coat
and Vest.....\$7.75
Coats.....\$6.00
Pants.....\$3.75

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Almost given away. Broken
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The E. J. Arnold system of book-making in connection with the operation of racing stables has proved itself a complete success in St. Louis. It is attracting attention, and the firm reports a large increase in the number of its customers. There was never a better system invented of betting on horses. It is eminently scientific, and based on what appear to be successful principles. The customers of E. J. Arnold & Co. continue to express their confidence in the business methods of the firm, and satisfaction with results obtained. They know that they are treated honestly and squarely, and that the firm is earnestly striving to make the transactions of customers as profitable as possible. If there are still people in this town or elsewhere, who are disposed to doubt the successful methods of the firm, they can easily free themselves of their doubts and misgivings by making inquiries at the office of the firm, either in person or by mail.

Towne: "They say he's subject to fits."
Browne: "Ridiculous! It couldn't be."
Towne: "Why not?"
Browne: "Why, man dear, he has all his clothes made in London."—Philadelphia Press,

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Long Pants Suits.
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\$12 and \$10 Coats and
Pants to.....\$7.75
\$13.50 and \$12 Norfolk
Coats and Pants to.....\$9.75
Short Pants Suits.
\$7.50 and \$6.50 Suits to.....\$4.75
\$8.50 and \$7.50 Blouse
Suits to.....\$3.75
\$7.50 and \$6.00 Vestee
Suits to.....\$1.98
\$2.25 and \$1.50 Straw Hats.....98c
\$1.00 and 75c Negligee Shirts.....50c

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\$2.50 Linen Shirts at.....\$1.50
\$1.25 and \$1.00 Madras
Shirts reduced to.....55c
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Bath Suits from.....\$2.50 to \$1.75
Suspenders from.....50c to 25c
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and \$1.50, reduced to.....\$1.15



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OUR ARTISTIC LACK.

A German university professor has lately been making some caustic comments on American students of art—of music especially. He says we have quick intuitions, fine voices and willingness to work, but we lack dramatic ability and are hopelessly without imagination.

It may be suggested that it is not so much dramatic ability or imagination that we lack as it is dramatic feeling, that curious state of mind and emotion that enables one to feel that art of any kind is "worth while."

If we can come to that point of feeling—the Latin or German artists would probably call it ridding ourselves of self-consciousness—most Americans who are artistic at all can usually find the ability.

Whether this be true or not, this professor certainly demonstrates that he knows something about us in what he says about our sectional varieties.

Thus he declares that our Southerners are temperamental, poetic and refined, but are too easy-going and lack concentration.

Our Westerners, he says, are breezy, earnest, free and healthy, but business-like, unpoetic and in ruinous haste to get the money value out of everything.

Our Yankees, he adds, are hopeless, indeed, the inheritors of two centuries—nearly three now—of self-suppression, Puritan iconoclasm and stiff-necked conservatism, never permitted to feel because it is regarded as ill-bred or unbecoming.

These are very shrewd and clear-sighted diagnoses of our differing American types, but it is probable that the really decisive factor is racial rather than national, one that we get from our antecedents. The one thing that the average man who speaks English, dreads and shuns more than anything else is doing anything whatsoever whereby he knows or suspects that he "makes a fool of himself" in the eyes of others.

To be theatrical or enthusiastic is in his eyes to "make a fool of himself," and he is pretty nearly right. This is why that which in the French woman seems merely piquant and mischievous often seems in the English or American woman coarse, positively vulgar and offensive.

So it all comes back to self-consciousness. The German is wrong in saying the Yankee is "not permitted to feel." He feels as keenly as anybody, but he is trained, by heredity and experience, not to show feeling. This applies, in varying degrees, to all Americans and is the central cause of all our artistic deficiencies whereof the German professor discourses.

Through this we lose some things in life, but we probably gain in others—endurance, reserve power, for example—far more than we lose.—*Chicago Chronicle.*

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MR. MACKAY'S SHILLING.

Here is a belated story of J. W. Mackay which is vouched for by the Irishman who tells it.

Mr. Mackay was on a visit to Dublin, a short time before his death, and had several spirited encounters with Dublin, cabmen. They are proverbially witty and Mr. Mackay, who knew the species well, enjoyed the joke

of inviting their criticisms. On the occasion in question he ordered his cabman to drive him from his hotel to a point in the Phoenix park, a good long way off.

He handed his Jehu the exact fare—one shilling—on descending, when the cabman, knowing his passenger, turned to him with a saddened face and pathetically exclaimed:

"It's a pity to take it, sir; it must have been in your family a long time?"

CIGARETTES AND COCKTAILS.

When the hero of the popular short story is not eating or drinking, he is smoking. His chronicler flavors his pages with tobacco smoke and punctuates them with cocktails. In joy or in sorrow, in the most romantic or less than the most commonplace moments, the hero "lights another cigarette." Emotion unaccompanied by nicotine is something of which he evidently has no conception.

It is the same, too, with the up-to-date young man in real life. He knows, if he has been properly trained, that while a toothpick should be indulged in only in that spot to which Scripture enjoins us to retire when we are about to pray, a meerschaum pipe is a perfectly well-bred article for public wear, and one which enables him to fulfill agreeably that law of his being which suggests that he should always be putting something in his mouth.

At a college ball game, not long since, where, as is usual on such occasions, clouds of incense were rising to the heavens from the male portion of the spectators, I amused myself by observing a young man who sat in a carriage near me, and who, while the game was in progress, smoked a pipe three times and filed in all the intervals with cigars and cigarettes. I knew something about him, and had frequently heard him referred to as "a first rate fellow," but if anybody had asked him if he believed himself capable of a single pure impulse of the soul, entirely unmixed with bodily sensations, he would have stared in amazement.—*Martha M. Dunn, in August Atlantic.*

"What is the original idea in this novel of yours?" asked the publisher.

"My hero and heroine hate each other so heartily," said the wistful-eyed young author, "that they marry for revenge, and make each other miserable for life.—*Indianapolis News.*

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A FREIGHT CLEARING-HOUSE.

On Saturday last, the St. Louis Transfer Company threw open its new general depot, warehouse and office buildings, occupying the city block bounded by Fourth, Spruce, Valentine and Walnut streets and Broadway, to the inspection of invited guests from among the chief merchants, railroad men, financiers and men of affairs of the city.

The new building was a revelation to the large gathering present at the inauguration. It was recognized as a splendid, substantial expression or symbol of a most substantial St. Louis institution. It represents, moreover, the best modern ideas on public service of the sort the company renders the merchants, manufacturers and citizens generally of St. Louis. There is in no city in the country a building so perfectly adapted to its purposes.

The St. Louis Transfer Company serves as a connecting line between the railroads entering St. Louis from the West and Southwest and those which, coming from the East, have their terminals in East St. Louis. It is recognized by every railroad in the United States, with which its relations and manner of doing business is the same as that between the great lines themselves. It transfers freight across the river, East and West, between all the roads, and, furthermore, it delivers to all merchants, from all terminals here, all sorts of freight, or delivers it from the merchants to the railroads. It is responsible in any amount of money for all freight that may pass through its hands.

Besides the actual transfer of freight across the river between St. Louis and East St. Louis terminals and between the railroads and local shippers, the Transfer Company conducts an enormous storage business. This storage business is one feature of the company's affairs that is of the greatest convenience to merchants and manufacturers. For while the St. Louis Transfer Company delivers freight from East St. Louis to merchants in St. Louis at a cheaper rate and in much less time than the same could be switched over the bridge to the yards on this side of the river and there unloaded, it is often found that a consignee is unable to take care of large consignments when they come. He has no place to store the goods. The St. Louis Transfer Company has erected the splendid new structure to furnish the storage. It takes the freight from the railroads and keeps it intact in a capacious fire-proof structure and in such shape that every pound of the goods is deliverable at a moment's notice. If merchants pack goods for shipment a month hence they need not crowd their stores with the goods. They have only to send them to the Transfer Company's great warehouse and there they will be kept until the day and hour for shipment. From large quantities of goods stored in the great warehouse the merchant or manufacturer may withdraw parcels for shipment at any time.

Such accommodation is furnished at a very moderate rate per hundred-weight. Furthermore, the merchant or manufacturer has the benefit of escaping the onerous insurance rates that would be charged on goods stored elsewhere, for the Transfer Company's warehouse and depot is so supplied with every device for minimizing the possibility of fire that goods stored in it are

advantaged in insurance rates to such an extent as to make it cheaper to pay storage on them in the Transfer building than to keep them in the buildings occupied by the owners. All the trouble and expense of ordinary storage is taken off the shipper or the consignee for a trifle of cost, and the patrons of the company are assured of the absolute safety of their goods, and the best security for their value. The St. Louis Transfer Company is a sort of freight clearing-house for the whole city of St. Louis, and it has for many years performed this function with a celerity and a dependability that are eminently satisfactory to the commercial community. It is an institution that does more to facilitate transportation business than any other one enterprise in the city. The merchant or manufacturer turns his goods over to the Transfer Company to be sent anywhere, and he thinks no more about it. The goods are sure to get to their destination on time. The railroads turn car loads of freight over to the Transfer Company for consignees and the railroads know that the freight will reach its owners in good time and in good condition. The

and East St. Louis would be a crazing chaos.

It is to the storage feature of the business, however, that special attention would be directed here. The building, a picture of which accompanies this article, is 185x270 feet. It is of brick, with concrete foundation walls (the first ever put in in this city and inaugurating here "the Cement Age"), with columns and girders of steel and protected with fire-brick and slow-combustion mill-construction. There are five floors of maple laid over three inch tongue and grooved flooring with a concrete cellar. The area is 230,000 square feet; the capacity, 75,000,000 pounds. Entering the building are six roadways of an aggregate length of 1,240 feet, an area of 22,500 square feet, all paved with vitrified brick laid upon concrete. There are eleven receiving and delivery platforms, with an aggregate length of 2,150 feet and an area of .25,000 square feet. For hoisting goods to the various floors, there are, in brick shafts, with automatic fire-doors, two high-speed electric elevators, with a capacity of 3,500 pounds each, and four ordinary speed elevators with a capa-

These carriages, too, may be ordered of the company's offices to call at the residence of any one about to leave the city, and they can be depended upon to be on time for the train the person desires to take.

The St. Louis Transfer Company's baggage, checking and transfer system is the best in the world. If you are going away you ring for a Transfer Company's wagon. The driver reaches your residence in ample time to get your baggage. You hand him your railroad ticket and he punches it and gives you a ticket calling for the baggage at the point at which your journey ends. He puts the baggage on the wagon and you have no more trouble about it. You don't have to mix up in a crush at the baggage room in the depot. When you are entering the city the Transfer Company's agents board the train and check your baggage to your hotel or residence.

At the present time the St. Louis Transfer Company is preparing to make extensive and expensive improvements in its passenger department to accommodate the World's Fair crowds. Furthermore, the Transfer Company is figuring upon putting in an automobile service for passengers to and from the Union Station, while it is likely that before very long the freight transferring will be done for this company by heavy electric traction vehicles.

The St. Louis Transfer Company also operates a large warehouse bonded by the government, in which it stores valuable merchandise, such as the laws direct shall be kept in bond. The bonded warehouse operated by a thoroughly responsible concern, and one which does general warehousing and freight carriage on a large scale, is something that St. Louis has been in need of for a long time, and when the St. Louis Transfer Company took up the project on a large scale the importers hailed the fact with loud acclaim.

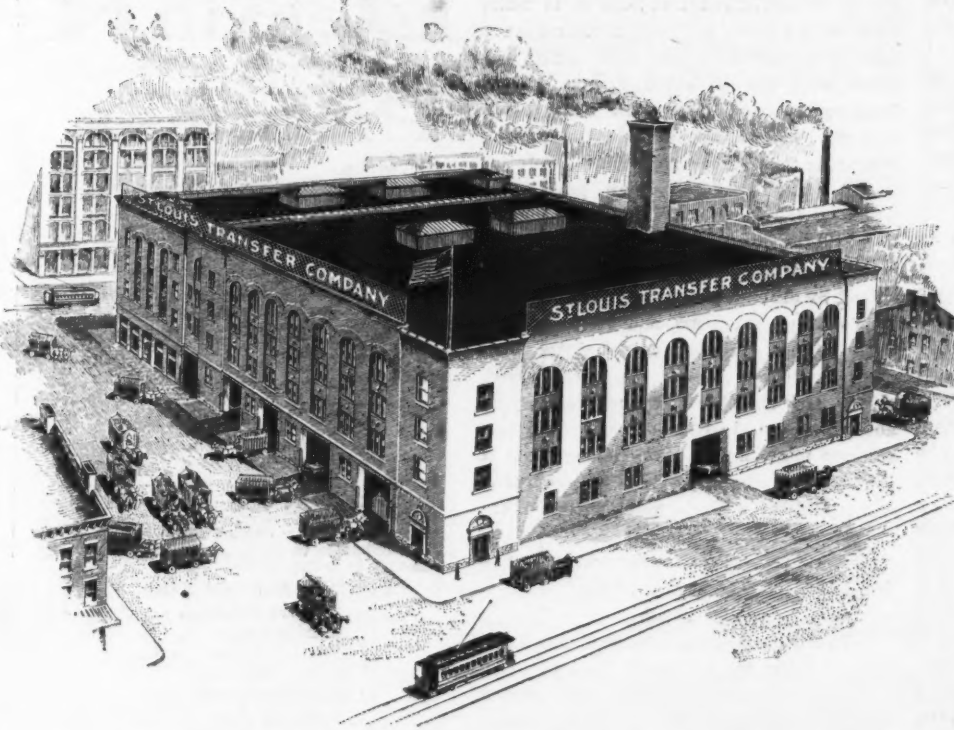
These rather cursory references to the business of the company give but a partial idea of the extent thereof. The St. Louis Transfer Company has hundreds upon hundreds of employees, a veritable army of clerks, teamsters, platform men, etc. It is one of the largest labor-employing concerns in the city. It is a business enterprise conducted on broad principles chief among which is a strong desire to give the public such service that there can be no possible complaint.

The officers of the St. Louis Transfer Company, to whose discerning foresight of the commercial needs of this community the great structure is an enduring monument, all of whom are located in handsome offices in the building, are George J. Tansey, President and General Manager; C. L. Dean, Vice President; A. de Figueredo, Assistant Manager; D. McGrath, Secretary and Auditor; G. B. Walls, Treasurer; W. F. Tufts, General Superintendent; D. Jamison, Passenger Superintendent, and C. F. Irwin, Freight Agent. The St. Louis Transfer Company represents the best there was in old St. Louis, and the best there is in New St. Louis.

Teacher:

"A poor man starts out with \$10 in his pocket to pay some bills. He owes \$5 for rent, \$3 for groceries, \$2 for coal—what does he have when he returns?"

Scholar: "Dead easy! A jag, a new hat and a turkey!"—Puck.



ST. LOUIS TRANSFER COMPANY'S GENERAL DEPOT, WAREHOUSE AND OFFICE BUILDINGS.

whole business community knows that anything stored in the charge of the Transfer Company will be taken care of to the last limit of necessary protection. And all at rates that, considering the service, are phenomenally low. Should anything go wrong, the Transfer Company is responsible, and the Transfer Company never was known to dispute an honest claim in all the years of its existence. The concern's "park" of teams and wagons is greater than would have been necessary to carry the supplies of such an army as the English had in the Transvaal and great enough to eat a large hole in twenty-four hours into a freight blockade that paralyzes the railroads and chokes the terminals. The Transfer Company is prepared to store the freight for the entire mercantile community and to move it whenever desired, and to make sure that it will get to its destination on schedule time. It concentrates the business for the shipper, for the railroad and for the consignee, so that each transaction in shipment is easy of access for everyone concerned. Without such an institution the transportation of freight from and to the railroads in this city

city of 10,000 pounds each. The fire protection, aside from the non-combustibility of the building itself, is found in a dry-system automatic sprinkler, with nearly ten miles of sprinkler pipe, and 2,500 automatic sprinkler heads. The structure is lighted with electric, arc and incandescent lamps.

The construction of this model structure of its kind, which introduces here many new ideas and newly applies many old formulae in building, was carried out under the guidance of Mr. R. S. Colnon, engineer. The architect was Mr. R. M. Milligan, and the actual building, done for keeps and with evident honesty of material and workmanship, was in charge of the firm of Fruin and Colnon. The stupendous pile is a vast credit to all concerned in its creation.

In writing of the business of the St. Louis Transfer Company, it only remains to be added that the concern does a large passenger carrying traffic. It has a splendid outfit of rubber-tired carriages to be found always ready in a spacious alcove in the Union Station. These vehicles will take the incoming traveler to any part of the city at a surprisingly low fare and in comfort.

THE PIANO-BANGER.

The decadence of music is a theme on which artists love to descant. They deplore the lack of appreciation for the creations of the old composers, and they rage at the vitiated public taste that turns with loving and longing to "rag-time." Of late many such articles have appeared in local publications and emphasis has been laid upon the fact that these piano-bangers are wasting time and money in a vain attempt to learn the piano. As one critic aptly says, there are "numberless young women who have wasted hundreds of hours and hundreds of dollars in 'learning the piano,' and yet who can not play a simple piece at sight, who cannot play an intricate piece at all, who can not play an accompaniment with taste and feeling, and who can not transpose a simple accompaniment and play it in another key from which it was written." This is painfully true, as hundreds of sufferers from the piano-playing mania can testify. The novice always keeps her windows open so that all the neighborhood may be in at the death, and the heavy hoof is always pushing the pedal—and the loud pedal at that. The favorite abiding place of the ambitious amateur is the hotel or boarding house where there are many victims to be tortured by her "execution." In enlightened Germany, piano-playing with open windows subjects the offender to a fine; playing after ten o'clock at night without a special permit, is strictly prohibited under penalty of a fine and there are certain streets in Berlin where piano-playing is not allowed. Needless to say, on those protected streets the rents are phenomenally high, people being willing to pay for immunity from the practice fiend. But in our free and enlightened America the idea seems to prevail in certain quarters that paying entitles one to "do as she likes in her own room." And the fiend of the key-board is dead to all sense of the refinement and the delicacy of good breeding. But while the flat tenant must grin and bear the torture, even to the point of nervous prostration, there are, fortunately, some family hotels the management of which insist on enforcing rules of conduct for the protection of guests. Prolonged practising is prohibited, and the use of the dummy key-board is required for "scales" and "exercises." The piano itself is heard only in the limited playing of pieces. There should be legislation on this subject. It is even more desirable than was that regulating the high hat nuisance.—*San Francisco Town Talk.*

NOT NECESSARILY A LIAR.

A former Princeton man, now living in Philadelphia, tells of his only unpleasant encounter with "Jimmy" McCosh as an illustration of the beloved old tutor's innate kindness. When a student, he was lounging on his bed, one afternoon, smoking. In response to a knock on the door, he called out:

"Who's there?"

"It is me—Dr. McCosh," came the reply.

"You're a liar!" answered the student, thinking one of his chums was trying to joke with him. "If you were really Doctor McCosh, you'd simply say: 'It is I.'"

After a second's silence, the student heard retreating steps, rushed to the door, and looked out—to see Doctor McCosh, himself, scurrying down the corridor and around the corner in an endeavor to avoid recognition.—*Philadelphia Times.*

NOT CAREFULLY DRAWN.

Four or five well known good fellows in the same line of business recently "swore off." They had never tiptoed to excess, but they took a notion that it would be a good thing to quit, and accordingly quit for a period of thirty days. The agreement was drawn up in writing, and signed by each. The third day after, some of the parties to the agreement began to chafe under the restraint. They had never before felt the need of a drink quite as badly as after the ink used in drawing up the agreement had become dry. One of them at last dropped in on one of the others, and, of course, the swearing-off proposition was immediately brought up.

"I'd like awful well to have a nip," said the caller.

"Same here," was the response.

"But I don't see how we can get around that agreement."

"Neither do I."

"I read once that no document, however carefully drawn, will stand in court if it is attacked in the right way."

"I see a gleam of hope," was the reply. "Let's read the agreement over carefully."

They did so, and it was discovered that the agreement did not call for thirty consecutive days, but merely for thirty days. The man that hit upon this bright idea was hailed as a born lawyer, who was wasting his time in the railroad business. There was an immediate adjournment to a popular West Superior street thirst cure.—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

Wedding invitations, in correct forms, at Mermod & Jaccard's, Broadway and Locust. 100 fine calling cards and engraved copper plate; \$1.50; 100 cards from your plate, \$1.00

The new suburban resident stopped the lawn mower and mopped his brow. "I have seen the sign, 'Keep Off the Grass,' thousands of times," he muttered, "but never had any idea it would be so hard to do."—*Indianapolis News.*



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UTAH AND THE PACIFIC COAST
BEST REACHED VIA THE
MISSOURI PACIFIC RY.
OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE DINING CARS MEALS A LA CARTE
AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS.
DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA. LOW EXCURSION RATES.

Ticket Office, S. E. Cor. Sixth and Olive.



THE CRESCENT,

Eureka Springs,
IS NOW OPEN.

As an all-year-round resort hotel, operated by the Frisco System, under the management of Mr. E. E. Sumner. Low round trip rates to Eureka Springs in effect every day in the year. For further information, address any passenger representative of the



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to the
Mountains
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APPLY TO NEAREST TICKET AGENT, OR ADDRESS
C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE STOCK MARKET.

The sudden and sharp reaction in sterling exchange has, for the time being, precluded all possibility of further gold exports to Europe. It is the common and, apparently, well-grounded belief that there has been renewed borrowing abroad, in anticipation of heavier exports of breadstuffs and cotton. Our indebtedness to Europe is growing rapidly, and intimations of several more big railroad and industrial combinations suggest the probability that our much-talked-of favorable trade balance will soon disappear. That interest rates on this side will soon be higher is regarded as a certainty. New York bankers look for heavy shipments of funds to interior points. They do not take any stock in reports that Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans and Kansas City banks are strongly fortified and well able to cope with all requirements. They heard the same talk last year and the year before, and, in the end, found themselves obliged to draw on their supplies to an unusual extent to accommodate their correspondents in the West and Southwest.

So far, there has been no enlargement of our exports. The July statement proved very disappointing. It showed a steady impairment of our international trade position. As long as there is no improvement in this respect, it is useless to look for gold imports. The Bank of England is now in a fairly strong position, but is not inclined to be very liberal in accommodating its borrowers. It is still buying gold, and it seems that Russia and Austria are also continuing their efforts to increase their supplies of yellow metal. In view of all this, it cannot be said that Wall street speculators have any special reason for believing that they will be able to obtain all the cash they may need within the next two months. In the absence of outside assistance, bankers will be unable to keep interest rates down to a 4 or 5 per cent level. If natural conditions and natural developments are not interfered with, there is only one thing that may be expected to furnish relief, and that is—liquidation on a large scale. A good-sized reaction all along the line would improve the position of the market very materially, and remove a good many weak and dangerous spots that are noticeable all over the speculative structure.

The Gould stocks fared well in the past week. Manipulation of a very clever character was, undoubtedly, responsible for a good portion of the advance, but there was also what Wall street is pleased to call "representative buying" of a suggestive character. The sharp rise in Texas & Pacific and Cotton Belt issues caused considerable surprise, although it had been expected and predicted for some time. Rumors of endeavors to wrest control of both roads from the Goulds must be received with caution. It is almost impossible to believe that the Gould people would care to let go, after years of patient and successful efforts to strengthen the financial and physical condition of their properties in the Southwest. There is no road in Texas that has a better road-bed than the Texas & Pacific. So far as the Cotton Belt is concerned, all that need be said is that the company is doing exceedingly well and will, within a few years, be a most valuable link in the vast Gould system of railroad lines. While the earnings of the last fiscal year were not very satisfactory, there was still enough surplus left to meet all charges without difficulty and to continue improvement expendi-

tures on a liberal scale. The results of the new fiscal year will, most likely, be very gratifying, and, possibly, permit of dividend payments on the preferred stock, which is now selling at the highest quotations on record. Some weeks ago, attention was called to Cotton Belt preferred and common in these columns, and the prediction made that the common will, before long, be regarded as cheap at 50. That prediction still stands. There may be a reaction from present quotations, but all indications point towards a higher level ultimately.

Talk of a \$100,000,000 bond issue by the Southern Pacific caused a quick spurt in the shares to 72½, which is almost ten points above the highest of last year. There is something mystifying about this issue of bonds. It seems, though, that a large portion of the proceeds will be devoted to betterment expenditures, and that the management is to begin dividend payments on the stock. Extraordinary expenditures have hitherto been met by current earnings of the property, although they could, with propriety, have been charged to capital account. The Harriman people have, undoubtedly, urged the Southern Pacific directors to adopt a different financial policy, so as to compensate shareholders in a substantial manner for their years of patience and confidence in ultimate results. It is known that the Union Pacific is now holding more than \$80,000,000 worth of Southern Pacific stock, which has been paid for in bonds upon which the Union Pacific has to disburse four per cent in interest annually. Dividend-payments would be very welcome to the Union Pacific, therefore, and result in a sharp rise in Southern Pacific as well as Union Pacific shares.

That is a very interesting tussle in Colorado Fuel and Iron. John W. Gates is making desperate efforts to obtain a look at the books of the concern. He seems to be confident that his party is in control. Whatever the outcome may be, it is not likely that it will redound to an enhancement of Colorado Fuel and Iron issues in the confidence of investors. Conservative people will keep out of such manipulated, wildly fluctuating stuff, that has become the foot-ball of contending "gangs" of stock-jobbers. That Gates is anxious to get into complete possession of the company is quite evident. And it may be set down for a practical certainty that he will, after he has obtained full control, rig the market for the stock very skillfully and induce a good many "suckers" to take it from him at much higher prices than those now quoted. Gates will not relent in his efforts, and will meet with success in the end, barring, of course, the unexpected. And the super-vention of the unexpected is becoming more of a probability every day.

Taking a broad view of the Wall street situation and outlook, the conclusion is justified that there is no urgent reason why any one should be anxious to "load up" at the current level. Manipulation does not make permanent values, and manipulation has been unusually rampant in the last two months. Would-be buyers will find it to their interest to wait for a reaction. The most successful speculator is he who has the saving virtue of patience, who does not jump in and out every other day. The man who is engaged in gambling, or in efforts to gain by daily fluctuations, finds himself, as a rule, a loser in the end. There is no man, be he ever so experienced, that can "beat the market" by following temporary fluctuations. If you gamble at the present time,

THE FOURTH NATIONAL BANK

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT DEPOSITORY.

CAPITAL, - - - \$1,000,000.00

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Bond and Stock Brokers.

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and manage to keep ahead of the game, you have nothing but a gambler's luck, that may desert you at any moment.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

Speculation in the local market livened up a little bit in the last few days. There seems to be a strong disposition to lend credence to rumors of coming sharp gains in many bank and trust company issues. It may be said that the professional community is distinctly optimistic as to the future. This may not be a very good reason why any one should buy, but it goes with many shoe-string-margined fellows.

Third National is still moving upwards.

Its friends are very active. There can be no question that since this big institution was drawn into Morgan's financial circles, the shares have displayed remarkable strength, and that all offerings have been quickly absorbed. National Bank of Commerce is still in the "dumps." The impression prevails on Fourth street that the liquidation process is nearing completion.

There is not much doing in the trust company group. Bullish opinions are expressed in relation to Lincoln, Missouri and Colonial. Germania is also "tipped" for a boost.

Interest rates continue firm. Drafts on New York are falling. Sterling exchange is weak and quoted at \$4.87½.

St. Louis Union Trust Co.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,

\$9,000,000.00.

Interest Allowed on Deposits.

GUY P. BILLON,

BANK OF COMMERCE BUILDING, ROOM 208.

Dealer in Municipal, Local and all Investment Securities. Railroad Stocks and Bonds a specialty. Buys and sells for cash or carries on margin. Negotiates loans on Real Estate and other Securities.

Local Stocks and Bonds.

Corrected for the MIRROR by Guy P. Billon
Stock and Bond Broker, 421 Olive street.

CITY OF ST. LOUIS BONDS.

	Coup.	When Due.	Quoted.
Gas Co. (Gld) 4	J D	June 1, 1905	102 3/4 -103
Park 6	A O	April 1, 1905	109 -110
Property (cur) 6	A O	April 10, 1906	10 -111
Renewal (gld) 3.65	J D	June 25, 1907	101 1/2 -101 3/4
" 4	A O	April 10, 1908	104 -105 1/2
" 3 1/2	J D	Dec. 1906	102 1/2 -103
" 4	J J	July 1, 1918	111 -112
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1919	104 -105
" 3 1/2	M S	June 2, 1921	104 -106
" ster. 2 00	M N	Nov 2, 1911	107 -108
" (gld) 4	M N	Nov 1, 1912	107 1/2 -108 1/2
" 4	A O	Oct 1, 1913	107 1/2 -110
" 4	J D	June 1, 1914	109 -110
" 3.65	M N	May 1, 1915	104 -105
" 3 1/2	F A	Aug 1, 1918	102 1/2 -103
World's Fair 3 1/2	A O	April 1, 1902	100 1/2 -101
Interest to seller.			
Total debt about			\$ 23,856,277
Assessment			352,521,650

St. JOSEPH, MO.,	F A	Aug 1, 1903	104 1/2 -105 1/2
Funding 6.	F A	Feb 1, 1921	102 -104
School Lib. 4s 10-20	J D	June, 1920	104 -106
" 4	A O	April 1, 1914	104 -106
" 4 5-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	102 -103
" 4 10-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	103 -105
" 4 15-20.	M S	Mar 1, 1918	104 -105
" 4	M S	Mar 1, 1918	105 -106
" 4 10-20.	J D	July 1, 1919	105 -107
" 4 10-20.	J D	June 1, 1920	104 -106
" 3 1/2	J J	July 1, 1921	101 -103

MISCELLANEOUS BONDS.

	Wh'n Due.	Price.
Alton Bridge 5s	1913	83 -84
Carondelet Gas 6s	1902	100 -101
Century Building 1st 6s	1916	107 -109
Century Building 2d 6s	1917	-60
Commercial Building 1st	1907	104 -106
Consolidated Coal 6s	1911	100 -101
Hydraulic Press Brick 5s 5-10.	1904	99 -101 1/2
Kinloch Tel Co. 6s 1st mort.	1928	103 1/2 -108 1/2
Laclede Gas 1st 5s	1919	108 1/2 -109
Merchants Bridge 1st mort 6s	1929	115 -116
Merch Bridge and Terminal 5s	1930	112 1/2 -113
Mo Electric Lt 2d 6s	1921	115 -116
Missouri Edison 1st mort 5s	1927	92 -93
St. Louis Agri. & M. A. 1st 5s	1906	100 -
St. Louis Brewing Ass'n 6s	1914	95 1/2 -96
St. Louis Exposition 1st 6s	1912	90 -100
St. L. Troy & Eastern Ry 6s	1919	101 -104
Union Dairy 1st 5s	1921	100 -101
Union Trust Building 1st 6s	1913	101 1/2 -105
Union Trust Building 2d 6s	1908	75 -80

BANK STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Exch.	\$50	July '02, 2 Qy	327 -331
Boatmen's	100	July '02, 3 1/2 SA	247 -249
Bremen Sav.	170	July '02, 8 SA	125 -350
Fourth National	100	May '02, 5 SA	135 -340
Franklin	100	June '02, 4 SA	190 -200
German Savings	100	Jan. '02, 6 SA	100 -410
German-Amer.	100	Jan. '02, 20 S	175 -825
International	100	June '02, 1 1/2 Qy	177 -185
Jefferson	100	July '02, 3 Qy	198 -200
Lafayette	100	July '02, 10 SA	125 -575
Mechanics Nat.	100	July '02, 2 1/2 Qy	290 -300
Merch.-Laclede	100	June '02, 2 Qy	297 -300
Northwestern	100	July '02, 4 SA	180 -2.5
Nat. Bank Com.	100	July '02, 2 1/2 Qy	394 -395
South Side	100	May '02, 3 SA	120 -132
Safe Dep. Sav. Bk.	100	Apr. '02, 3 SA	223 -225
Southern com.	100	July '02, 3 SA	115 -125
State National	100	June '02, 3 SA	219 -220
Third National	100	Mar. '02, 2 Qy	336 -338
Vanderbilt Bk.	100		110 -120

*Quoted 100 for par.

TRUST STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Cen. Tr. Co.	100		177 -178
Colonial	100		216 -218
Com'nw'th T. Co.	100	July '02, 2 Qy	306 -314
Lincoln	100	June '02, 2 Qy	275 -277
Miss. Valley	100	July '02, 3 Qy	455 -458
St. Louis Union	100	July '02, 2 1/2 Qy	383 -385
Title Trust	100	July '02, 1 1/2 Qy	116 -118
Mercantile	100	Aug. '02, 1 Mo	424 1/2 -425
Missouri Trust	100		124 1/2 -125
Ger. Trust Co.	100		212 -214

STREET RAILWAY STOCKS AND BONDS.

	Coupons.	Price.
Cass Av. & F. G.	J & J	1912 101 -102
10-20s 5s	J & J	1907 108 -109
Citizens' 20s 6s	Dec. '88	
Jefferson Ave.	M & N 2	1905 105 -107
L. S.	F & A	1911 106 -107
Lindell 20s 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Comp. Heig'ts U. D. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
do Taylor Ave. 6s	J & J	1913 115 -116
Mo 1st Mtg 5s 5-13s	M & N	1896 105 -106
St. Louis 1st 5s 5-20s	M & N	1910 100 1/2 -101
do Baden-St. L. 5s	J & J	1913 102 -103
St. L. & Sub		80 -84
do Con. 5s		1921 104 1/2 -105 1/2
do Cable & Wt. 6s	M & N	1911 117 -120
do Meramec Rv. 6s	M & N	1916 113 1/2 -114
do Incomes 5s		1914 90 -100
Southern 1st 6s	M & N	1901 102 -103
do 2d 25s 6s		1909 106 -107
do Gen. Mtg. 5s	F & A	1916 107 -108
U. D. 25s 6s	J & D	1918 120 1/2 -121
E. St. Louis & Sub.		57 1/2 -58
E. St. Louis & Sub.	A & O	1932 98 -99
do 1st 6s	J & J	1925 103 -107
United Ry's Pfd.	July '02, 1 1/2	84 1/2 -84 1/2
do 4 p. c. 50s	J & J	87 1/2 -87 1/2
St. Louis Transit		31 -32

INSURANCE STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
American Cent.	100	July '02, 4 p. c.	280 -282

MISCELLANEOUS STOCKS.

	Par val.	Last Dividend Per Cent.	Price.
Am. Car. Fdry Co	100	July '02, 1 1/2	33 -34
" pfd	100	July '02, 1 1/2 Qy	91 -92
Bell Telephone	100	Aug. '02, 2 Qy	165 -170
Bonne Terre F.C.	100	May, '96, 2	2 -4
Central Lead Co.	100	June '02, 1 1/2 Mo	128 -135
Cen. Coal & C. com	100		67 -68
" pfd	100		
Consol. Coal	100	Jan. '02 1	19 -19
Doe Run Min. Co	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Mo	132 -138
Granite Bl. Metal	100	Nov. '01, 1	202 1/2 -205
Hydraulic P. B. Co	100		93 -98
Kennard com.	100	Aug. '01, 10 A	110 -11
Kennard pfd	100	Aug. '01, 3 1/2 SA	118 -122
Laclede Gas com	100	Mar. '02, 2	88 -90
Laclede Gas pfd	100	June '02, 2 1/2 SA	107 -108
Mo. Edison pfd	100		44 -46
Mo. Edison com.	100		18 -19
Nat. Stock Yards	100	July '02, 1 1/2 Qy	100 -101
Schultz Belting	100	July '02, 2 Qy	97 -100
Simmons Hdw Co	100	Mar. '02, 6 A	159 -160
Simmons do pfd	100	Sept. '02, 3 1/2 SA	143 -144
Simmons do 2 p.	100	Apr. '02, 4 SA	142 -146
St. Joseph L. Co.	100	Mar. '02, 1 1/2 Qy	22 -23
St. L. Brew. pfd	100	Jan. '00, 2	66 -68
St. L. Brew. com	100	Jan. '99, 4	61 -62
St. L. Comp	100		55 -65
St. L. Transfer Co	100	Aug. '02 1 Qy	73 -76
Union Dairy	100	Aug. '02, 2 Qy	135 -150
Westhaus Brake	50	Mar. '01, 7 1/2	160 -200
" Coupler	100		46 -48

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

D. P.—You are too bullish. Would not advise you to increase your holdings at present. The stock is not very promising. Chicago Great Western is a fair purchase, but do not buy, unless you are prepared to back up your holdings.

S. F. J.—The trust company stock you refer to is considered a good investment. For a speculation, however, it is rather dangerous. Missouri Trust is not inflated at the present level. For some reason or other, there is no "snap" to it. Would not advise you to liquidate.

L. L. G.—You are making a mistake. Why don't you take at least a portion of your profits? Like many others, you have the habit of holding out for the last cent. If I were you, I would let somebody else have the top eighth. The other question you will find answered elsewhere.

J. J. O'S.—The first income bonds may be recommended as a tempting proposition. They paid 5 per cent last year. The earnings are still large. Southern preferred is too dull for speculation. The common is high enough at 40. The late rise may be ascribed to rumors of "deals" and various financial adjustments.

O. T.—Would not recommend purchases of Canadian Pacific. It is a good stock, but has had a very big advance. If you are so anxious to buy, wait for a reaction. Columbus, H. C. & I. should be held. It is slow, but entitled to an advance.

R. F. H.—Your friend has not given you good advice, as you can now see. New York Central cannot be regarded as a safe purchase at price quoted. You will have to stick it out with your Transit. The stock is not cheap at 31. Earnings are said to be largely increasing.

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

ONE PRECEDENT WASN'T ENOUGH.

Dr. John V. Shoemaker, discussing with some friends the award of degrees at the recent commencement day exercises of the University of Pennsylvania, said the manner of bestowing degrees nowadays reminded him of the case of Von Helden, the famous German surgeon, who, a graduate of one of the leading universities of the Fatherland, openly expressed disgust when honorary and complimentary awards were made indiscriminately to men who had attracted public attention in various ways. One day, in a spirit of deep sarcasm, Von Helden asked for a degree for his valet. The surgeon was so high and mighty a man that the faculty granted the degree without protest or comment, thinking he surely had a good reason for asking. More enraged than ever, he sent a letter asking for a degree for his favorite dog. The faculty then "tumbled" to his sarcasm, and sent the following reply:

"We are compelled to refuse your second request. We have searched the records, and find but one instance of a degree having been bestowed on an animal—an ass named Von Helden.—Philadelphia Times.

E. Jaccard Jewelry Co.'s office at Mermod & Jaccard's Jewelry Co., Broadway and Locust street.

DEPENDS ON POINT OF VIEW.

This tale combines the elements of tragedy and comedy: If you ask the woman to whom the incident happened, it was tragedy pure and simple. If you ask the neighbors, it was comedy of a high order. The occasion was one dear to the heart of woman, the annual bazaar given on behalf of the local church. At this emporium articles bought for sixty cents might be had for as low as \$2.50. Mrs. Blank had small respect for any one whose donation cost less than \$5. Hers had cost \$15. It was a statuette, more than two feet high, of Mercury. When the local expressman called Mrs. Blank, who had not yet left her room by reason of a headache, leaned out of the window and told him to go right into the library, take all the packages on the table (she was sending some fancy work things in addition to the statuette) and go up to the church. All of which he did. About 8 o'clock the generous donor started bazaarward. She knew her Mercury, flanked by her doilies and her shaving mug, would look extremely well, and the bad humor she had been in earlier in the evening in consequence of the non-arrival of a new hat vanished as she drew near the building. When she entered her reception was almost equal to an ovation. Such expressions as "How original!" Whatever suggested it to you? "The idea is taking like wildfire." "We are charging fifty cents a chance and some women have taken four." "Where did you stand it?" asked the gratified woman. "Oh, we are keeping it in the box. There it is." Mrs. Blank looked into the box wherein reposed her new hat. Then self-preservation induced her to murmur weakly: "I am glad you liked it." The explanation was simple enough when it came. It seems that on the arrival of the hat from the milliner's the daughter of the house had opened it. Having inspected it she placed it on the head of Mercury. Here the expressman found it, and with rare stupidity placed it back in the box and carted it off to the church.—N. Y. Evening Sun.

THE STAGE OF PROCEDURE.

A lawyer of considerable reputation throughout Pennsylvania was known in life as an unbeliever; but the family employed the services of a minister at the funeral, which was held in the native town of the deceased, in an adjoining county. A lawyer from Philadelphia arrived late and reached the house after the clergyman had begun the sermon. The late comer accosted one of the mourners with the whispered question:

"What part of the services have they reached?"

"Just opened for the defense," was the whispered reply.—Philadelphia Times.

Society Stationery—Mermod & Jaccard's.

SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES

\$5.00 PER ANNUM.

Mississippi Valley Trust Company,

CRAWFORD'S

Unrivaled Bargains

To be had This Week at the GREATEST AUGUST SALE ever held in St. Louis. Read the interesting news below.

Linens.

- 10 pieces heavy weight full bleached Table Damask, 70 inches wide, floral designs, was 59c a yard, now.....39c
100 dozen full bleached Napkins, spot and floral patterns, were \$1 25 per dozen, now (dozen).....98c
5 dozen Tapestry Table Covers, 4-4 size, hand-knotted fringe, were 49c each, to close now at.....25c

Wash Goods.

- 3,000 yards Indigo blue print, in a large variety of styles, fast colors, regular 6½c quality, as a special drive, we will put them on sale this week at, per yard.....4½c
700 yards 36 inch wide dark ground Percale, all blues, suitable for house dresses, regular 12½c quality go now at, per yard.....7½c
50 pieces in a variety of styles of Imported Scotch Plaid Gingham, 32 inches wide, and the most desirable fabric for children's school dresses, sold elsewhere at 20c, we will close this lot this week as a special at, per yard.....15c

Fine Batiste, Lawns and Dimities.

Prices lower than ever to make room for our importation of Fall and Winter Dress Goods.

- A few pieces of stripe dotted Swiss and Lawns, were 15c, Sale Price.....5c
250 pieces of fine Dimities in white ground with small figures and fancy stripes, were 15c to 25c, Sale Price.....7½c
200 pieces extra fine Navy Blue Batiste, Lawns and Dimities, including polka dots, small figures and stripes, regular 15c, 20c and 25c quality, Sale Price.....10c

Waists, Suits and Skirts.

- Ladies' Fine All-Wool Tweed and Covert Cloth Skirts, all colors, latest style, seams with stitched fold running to about half way to bottom, and finished at center of seams with 2 buttons and strap fold, and for adjustable length, six rows of stitching at bottom of skirt, and skirt cut flaring; the latest fall novelty, for.....\$8.75
Ladies' All-Wool Homespun Cloth Suits, in gray and castor, three straps over hip, stitched seams, box pleated skirt, and pleats stitched down on each side to almost bottom of skirt, and balance flaring; another new design for this fall for.....\$7.50
Ladies' Fine Tailor-Made Suits—Another lot in all shades, with the exception of black; Eton and Blouse Jacket Suits, some with flounce and flaring skirts, good lining, and all wool material, were \$15.00 and \$20.00, for.....\$7.50
Ladies' Fine Peau de Soie Eton Jackets, trimmed with fine silk braid, latest cut, new style sleeve, full over cuff and band at hand to finish sleeve, worth \$12.50; for.....\$6.50

We Bought 'Em for Cash.

1,800 Pairs Low Shoes—Rochester and Cincinnati makes—you know what that means—high-grade workmanship and materials. Sizes for everybody, styles for everybody. Patent Kid, Patent Calf and Vici Kid hand-sewed turns and extension sole welts, high heels or low heels. Don't miss this chance to get regular \$3.00 shoes for.....\$1.48
See them in the window.

A Few Specials in Silks.

For This Week.

- Black Taffeta Silk, wear guaranteed, all silk, regular 79c quality—Sale Price.....59c
21-inch French Peau de Soie, regular \$1 39 quality—Sale Price.....89c
26-inch Black Twilled India Silk, splendid to wear, \$1 25 quality—Sale Price.....75c
Yama Maie Silk, regular 50c taffeta—Sale Price.....39c
Only a few left. Those beautiful \$3 50 imported Shirt Waist Patterns, Pt. Venice lace, burnt out effects; choice of what's left, each.....98c

Special Values in Black Goods.

- 32 pieces 40-inch All-Wool Black Whipcord, regular 65c quality—on sale this week at.....49c
20 pieces elegant quality Black Mohair Brilliantines, high luster, worth 65c—on sale this week at.....49c
44-inch All-Wool Black Cheviot, suitable for skirts, regular 85c goods—on sale this week at.....59c
The balance of our fine Black and White Lawns and Dimities, worth up to 20c—to close at.....5c and 10c

Special Sale of Clothing.

Second Floor.

Youths' and Men's Suits that formerly sold for \$4.00, \$4.50 and as high as \$6 50, to close at.....\$1.98
See Big Window Display.

With every purchase, no matter how small, a ticket, FREE, to the new West End Heights Garden.

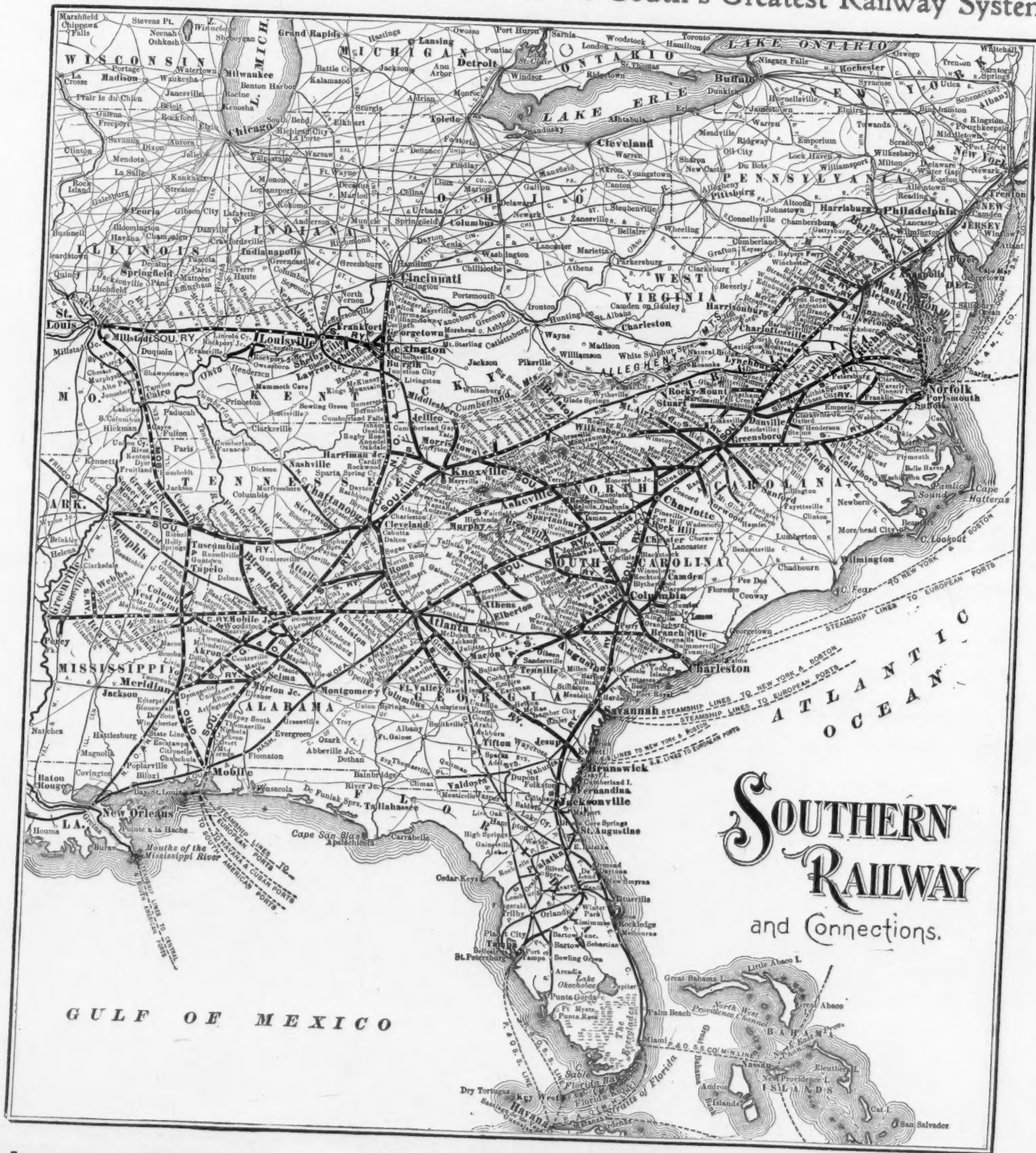
D. Crawford & Co.,

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.

The Mirror

THE MAP BELOW

Shows the South's Greatest Railway System.



It penetrates Eleven States and Reaches Every Commercial Center.

The Only Road to Asheville, in the Mountains of the Beautiful "Land of the Sky."

CITY TICKET OFFICE---719 OLIVE STREET.

The Mirror

Eureka Springs

During the Summer and Fall months, everything is at its best in

"THE TOP OF THE OZARKS."

It is a pleasant place, well suited for those desiring absolute rest, and equally well equipped for anyone wanting out-door exercise. Since the reopening of the Crescent Hotel, under its new management, and with its many additions and improvements, Eureka Springs presents a livelier appearance than ever before. It is but one night's ride from SAINT LOUIS, via the



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